

FAME AND FORTUNE

WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

THE BOY BANKER'S DOUBLE

OR A STRANGE WALL ST. MYSTERY

AND OTHER STORIES

By A Self-Made Man



From opposite doors two well dressed boys, as like as two peas, rushed into the office. They were Freddy and his double. Both were excited and shook their fists at each other. The broker started up and stared at them in amazement.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

Issued weekly—Subscription price, \$3.50 per year; Canada, \$4.00; Foreign, \$4.50. Harry E. Wolff, Publisher, Inc., 160 West 23d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as Second-Class Matter, October 4, 1911, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

No. 912

NEW YORK, MARCH 23, 1923

Price 7 Cents

The Boy Banker's Double

OR, A STRANGE WALL STREET MYSTERY

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Boy Banker.

"Say, boss, where did yer pick up dat Chink yer had wit' yer to-day," said Jimmy Jinks, office boy to Freddy King, known around Wall Street as the boy banker.

"What's that, Jimmy? I don't understand you," said Freddy, looking up from his desk in his private room.

Jimmy repeated his remark, with a wider grin on his freckled face.

"You didn't see me with a Chinaman. You've got things mixed."

"Sure I seen yer wit' a Chink boy erbout me own age. Do yer s'pose I don't know yer when I see yer on de street?"

"I tell you that you are mistaken. You saw somebody that looked like me."

"Aw, come now, boss, yer can't fool me. I kin swear it wuz youse. I could tell yer in de dark wit' me eyes shut."

"We won't argue the matter, Jimmy. You should be more polite than to contradict your employer. Take this note down to Broker Peabody."

Jimmy took the note, got his hat and left the private bank, which was on the ground floor, a few steps below the level of the sidewalk of No. — Wall Street.

"I guess de boss don't want to admit dat he had a Chinese boy in tow to-day, but he had, just de same. He was a swell lookin' little Chink, anyway, and he was sailin' along after de boss wit' his hands under his blouse like a house afire. Mebbe he's some Chinese merchant's kid from Doyers or Pell street. Yer'd t'ink his old man wuz a Vanderbilt from de way he wuz togged out. And look at me wit' a plain business soot on and glad to get it to wear. Some people are lucky in dis world even if dey are Chinks and wear a queue curled up under deir hats. I wish I wuz. Wouldn't I cut t'ings fat? Oh, say, I guess not."

Jimmy went on his way with a free-and-easy stride that soon carried him to the office building where he was bound. As he stepped out of the elevator his eyes fairly bulged with astonishment, for there stood his boss waiting for a down elevator. Jimmy gasped and rubbed his eyes. He really doubted the evidence of his senses. How could his boss have reached that floor ahead of him. In his opinion it was clearly impossible. He had left his employer at his

desk and hadn't wasted a moment on the way. And now to find Banker Freddy ahead of him got his goat for fair. Before he could make another move the down elevator stopped at the floor and the living imagine of his boss stepped in and was gone.

"Well, if dat don't beat anyt'in' I ever heard of I'm a liar," muttered Jimmy. "How could de boss get here so quick? He must have sprouted wings. Den why should he be here when he sent me here? If I wuz in de habit of takin' dope, den I'd understand dat I wuz sufferin' from de effects of it, and dat me eyes didn't see wot me senses t'ought dey did. But dere's not'in' de matter wit' me brain pan, so I s'pose he'd say he wasn't here, just as he said he didn't have dat Chink wit' him a while ago. De boss never acted dat away before. I wonder wot's in de wind?"

Jimmy walked down the corridor to Broker Peabody's office.

"I got a note for Mr. Peabody. Is he in?" he asked a clerk.

"Just stepped out. He'll be back in a minute. Sit down," said the clerk.

"Say, yer know my boss, Banker King, don't, yer?"

"The boy banker? Yes. What about him?"

"Wuz he in here a few minutes ago?"

"No."

Jimmy sat down and continued his reflections about his employer's astonishing performance, which he could not understand. As a matter of fact, Banker Freddy King had not stirred out of his private room since he sent Jimmy on his errand, therefore the person the boy saw at the elevator was not he. That person, whoever he was, must have borne an extraordinary likeness to the boy banker to deceive Jimmy. We may as well remark here that he was the same person Jimmy had seen previously on the street accompanied by the Chinese boy. And Jimmy, by the way, wasn't the only one who had been mistaken in his identity. Half the brokers in the Street knew Freddy either personally or by sight, and several of these had saluted the boy with the Chinese lad under the impression he was the boy banker. Anybody who looked enough like Freddy to be mistaken for him could be considered a good-looking, well-dressed and gentlemanly boy, for that is what Freddy was. He had inherited the banking business from his father, who had died a year previously, giving

up a college education to attend to it, and though some people at first had the idea he would run it into the ground, he did nothing of the kind.

It was now, after a year's experience under his management, as prosperous as it had ever been under his father's direction. Most of the depositors had stood by him, particularly the larger ones, and those he had lost at the start had been replaced by new ones. They found him ever ready to accommodate them with loans when they needed advances in their business, but, of course, he required first-class security. He did business in a business-like way, not only for his own interest, but for the security of his depositors. He issued a statement every three months informing his patrons how he stood from a financial standpoint. All big banks issue such statements every six months. They are supposed to be reliable, for the original copy of these statements, after being sworn to, are required by law to be submitted to the State Banking Department for inspection. Private banks, like Freddy's, did not come under the supervision of the State, and they were not obliged to send statements of their standing to the Banking Department. Therefore, depositors in private banks took a greater risk than if they were customers of State or National banks.

Nevertheless, thousands of people patronized them, and we believe did not suffer to any greater extent than depositors in the large banks. In spite of their sworn statements, which showed them to be up to the mark laid down by the Banking Department, many big banks, as the reader knows, have failed through methods of high finance of a questionable character. Freddy aimed to keep clear of anything that savored of sharp practice. His father had built up and run the little bank on principles of the strictest honesty, and Freddy was following in his footsteps. His larger depositors had kept tab on him at first, as well as they could, and had become satisfied that he not only knew his business, but conducted it along the lines they approved of. Had a panic come that would have put him in a temporary hole, they would have stood by him, as it was to their interest to do.

Freddy lived with his mother in a handsome four-story brown stone front on a side street off Fifth avenue not far from Central Park. The house and its contents belonged solely to his mother, and she also had a private account at his bank. Freddy was much sought after by society mothers with marriageable daughters. They looked upon him as a fine catch. The boy banker, however, thought more of his business than he did of the girls. He was young and had lots of time ahead to do courting in when his fancy turned in that direction. He was ambitious to build his bank up to a higher plane than it held at present, and this could only be done by attending strictly to business, and taking advantage of such chances as came his way.

He did not consider himself a full-fledged banker yet, for he had much to learn, and his head was not so big but he understood what he lacked. Take him all in all he was a fine boy, possessed of a personal magnetism that made him popular in Wall Street. Soon after Jimmy went out on his errand a broker came in to borrow some money on a bunch of gilt-edged securities. This

broker's name was Hapgood; he had only a small office, and was a depositor of Freddy's.

"Who was the Chink you had with you a while ago when I passed you at the corner of Nassau street?" said the broker, after seating himself and explaining the nature of his errand. "He looked as if he might be the son of the Chinese consul, or some other Celestial of standing."

Freddy stared at him.

"My office boy asked me the same question a few minutes ago. I haven't been at the corner of Nassau street to-day."

"You haven't?" ejaculated Hapgood.

"No, sir; positively I have not."

"I am obliged to believe you, Freddy, for I know you wouldn't say what isn't so. But I assure you I saw your living image at that corner an hour ago."

"An hour ago I was at the business house on Pearl street of a large depositor of my bank. I couldn't possibly have been at the corner of Nassau at the same time. That's common sense, isn't it?"

"Rather. No one can be in two places at once. You haven't a twin brother, have you?"

"No," replied Freddy, his face growing serious for a moment.

"Well, the person I took to be you, and said 'Good-morning' to, was as like you as two peas in a pod. I should say that the resemblance was so exact that you would have been startled had you been in my place."

"I should like to see the party."

"Why, he was even dressed like you down to his very shoes. He had the latest thing in scarfs, like yourself, and the same color. He even sported the same kind of a scarf-pin."

"He did!" exclaimed Freddy, in surprise. "Why, I had this pin made expressly for myself from an original design. There shouldn't be another like it in the world, unless the jeweler went back on his word not to duplicate it."

"There might have been a difference, of course, for I only caught a passing glimpse of it, but I think I can assert that it was a close copy."

"You have excited my curiosity greatly about this young man. He looked about my age, I suppose?"

"He did. If he came often to Wall Street there would be a mix-up of identities between you. You are pretty well known, and he'd be taken for you every time. In fact, I believe he could pass himself off for you in your own bank, and that might lead to awkward results for you."

Such a suggestion was not pleasant to Freddy. However, he did not believe such a thing could happen. He turned to his desk, looked over the securities offered for the loan, handed the broker the customary form to fill out and sign, and finally handed his customer an order on his cashier for the money. Hapgood went outside, received the money and departed.

CHAPTER II.—Signs of Trouble.

In a few minutes Jimmy came back with an answer from Broker Peabody. On the way in he asked one of the clerks if Freddy had been out while he was away. The clerk replied that he had not, as far as he knew.

"Say, boss," said Jimmy, as he handed the note over, "dere's a feller in Wall Street dat looks just like youse."

"You mean the young man who had the Chinese boy with him, and which you insisted was me?" said Freddy.

"I seen him or youse in de Vanderpool Building as I wuz carryin' dat note to Mr. Peabody."

"You saw him, for I haven't stirred from this desk since you've been out."

"If dat's a fact, boss, yer'd better have dat feller pinched for lookin' like youse. De fust t'ing yer know he'll walk in here and claim de bank."

"Do you think he could do that?" laughed Freddy.

"Why not? How yer goin' to prove he ain't youse?"

"How is he going to prove that he is Freddy King?"

"His looks'll prove dat he's as much de boss of dis bank as youse is. I'll bet if he walked in here and asked de cashier for a t'ousan' bones he'd get dem widout havin' to identify himself."

There was no doubt from the earnest way Jimmy spoke that he meant what he said, and Freddy began to feel a bit uneasy about this double himself. "Who was he? Where had he come from? What was his business in Wall Street? He did not appear to be a chance visitor since Jimmy had seen him twice—once heading up Nassau street, with a Chinese boy in tow, and now later in the Vanderpool Building. The presence of this likeness of himself in Wall Street might lead to complications that would hurt his bank. He began to take the matter seriously.

"Well, Jimmy, I wouldn't like such a thing to happen," he said.

"I should say not. S'pose when youse wuz out he walked in here and sat down at yer desk? I wouldn't stop him if I wuz here, for I'd take him for youse. Den s'pose youse came in, and he told me to put yer out? How would I know which wuz youse and which wuz de udder feller?"

"If you wasn't sure you'd call the cahsier."

"S'pose dat de cashier couldn't tell which of youse wuz which, what den?"

"Oh, I guess I could easily prove my identity."

"How could yer?"

"By teling Mr. Brown certain things about the bank which my double couldn't possibly do."

"I didn't t'ink of dat," said Jimmy, with a look of relief. "Do yer know I t'ink we ought to have a private signal between us so I kin know yer any place."

Freddy laughed.

"Maybe this double of mine won't appear in Wall Street again for some time, so why worry over what might not happen?"

"He looked as if he wuz doin' business down here," said Jimmy, doubtfully.

"Well, Jimmy, if you meet him again look him over critically and see if you can't detect some difference between us. For instance, you see this scarf-pin?"

"Yep."

"I had it specially made to order from a design that I drew myself. There is not, or shouldn't be, another exactly like it."

"De feller dat looks like youse has one jest like it."

"You are sure of that?"

"I couldn't tell de diff'rence."

Jimmy's statement coincided with what Broker Hapgood had said about the pin. Freddy didn't relish the idea of a duplicate of his pin on somebody else. He had gone to the expense of having a pin made especially for himself in order to display an exclusive design. He determined to call on the jeweler, one of the most reliable in the city, and ask for an explanation.

"That's all now, Jimmy," said the boy banker, turning to his desk.

When he went to lunch he met a gentleman he was well acquainted with.

"I met you face to face this morning on Broadway and said 'How do you do,' and you never noticed me. You simply stared me in the face and walked on. What was the matter with you?" said the gentleman.

"I wasn't on Broadway this morning, Mr. Thompson. The boy you saw was my double," replied Freddy.

"Your double!" cried the other, in surprise.

"Yes. I haven't seen this facsimile of myself yet, but I've heard a good deal about him. My office boy has seen him, and he told me we were so much alike that he couldn't tell us apart."

"This is interesting," laughed Thompson.

"Not to me. If this double of mine shows himself much around Wall Street he is going to make trouble for me. My friends will take him for me, just as you did."

"Then we'll have a regular comedy of errors in the financial district. The brokers, when they get on to the situation, will call you and your double the two Dromios, after Shakespeare."

"That will be pleasant, I don't think," said Freddy.

"You haven't heard the name of this person, have you?"

"No. I don't know anything at all about him except what I heard to-day. My office boy, and a broker named Hapgood, who called on me at the bank, both were sure they had seen me at the corner of Wall and Nassau until I assured them I had not been there to-day up to that time."

"Well, this is the richest thing I've heard in some time. You'd better provide yourself with sworn evidence of your identity so that when I meet you again I'll know it's you and not the other fellow."

Thus speaking, Thompson chuckled and walked away. Freddy was disgusted with affairs, and for the first time in many weeks a cloud rested on his face. He met several other people he knew and passed them with a bow. Every moment he was afraid of being buttonholed by somebody who had seen his double and been snubbed by him. He knew that some of his acquaintances were touchy, and would take offense at a little thing. His double was liable to queer him with these people. As Freddy made it a point to treat everybody with the greatest politeness, he did not like to think of the complications his double might get him into.

"Yet if he met that person face to face he could not call him down for not recognizing people who were strangers to him. He felt the helpless-

ness of his position, and wondered how it was going to turn out. He returned to his bank at two, and found a lot of business awaiting his attention. He took hold of it with his usual vim, and was up to his ears in it when a clerk came in and said an old customer was outside who wanted to see him.

"Show him in," said Freddy.

In a few moments the man walked in.

"How do you do, Mr. Bland. Take a seat," said the boy banker, graciously.

"Look here, young man, I have been a depositor in this bank a good many years, and I take the liberty of speaking out," said the visitor, in a tone that showed something was wrong.

"That's right, sir. Have you anything to complain about?" said Freddy.

"Yes, sir, I have," said Bland, decidedly.

"Let me hear what your grievance is, and if I can rectify it I will do so with pleasure."

"I have several thousand dollars deposited here, and when you took hold of the business I did not disturb it, for I wanted to give you a chance to show yourself. As long as I had no reason to doubt that the bank would continue to be safe, I was satisfied. But something I saw to-day has shaken my opinion."

"I am sorry to hear that, sir. The bank is just as solvent to-day as during my father's time, and I intend that it always shall be."

"That's all very well, young man, for you to say, but if you have taken to stock speculation—"

"Taken to stock speculation! What has given you that impression?"

"The evidence of my eyes."

"Explain yourself."

"As I was passing the little bank on Nassau street an hour or so ago I saw you come out of the brokerage room with a slip in your hand. You put it in your vest pocket, or thought you did, but it escaped from your fingers and fell to the ground. You went on toward Wall Street without knowing you had lost it. I picked it up. It stated that one Reggie Lamb had purchased 200 shares of Southern Railway at 116 on margin. I was not pleased with the revelation. It was clear to me that you had bought the stock under the name of Reggie Lamb to hide your identity. Now, young man, if it is true that you have begun gambling in stocks it is time for me to withdraw my money from you and place it elsewhere," said the visitor.

Freddy was truly astonished at his explanation. He had never speculated in his life, and did not dream of doing so. He knew the risks that attended Wall Street's game of chance, and he would be the last person to imperil the standing of his bank by trying to make what the lambs called easy money.

"Mr. Bland, I assure you that you have made a mistake. You did not see me come out of the little bank, because I have never been inside its doors."

"Do you mean to tell me that story when I saw you almost face to face?" said the old depositor, angrily.

"You must have seen my double—the boy who looks so like me that even my office boy can't tell us apart."

Mr. Bland stared at the boy banker with some incredulity.

"I never heard before that you have a double in Wall Street," he said, doubtfully.

"I didn't know it myself until to-day. The discovery has given me some uneasiness, and your visit and grievance has increased it. You say the name on the slip was Reggie Lamb?"

"Yes, here's the slip," and the visitor exhibited it.

Freddy looked at it.

"The person who dropped this was the picture of me, you say?"

"The dead likeness, even to that pin in your scarf."

"Then I can't blame you for mixing him up with me. If he has come to Wall Street to speculate in stocks, I'm afraid he will be enough in evidence to embarrass me a great deal. Something will have to be done to prevent my friends and my customers from taking him for me; and yet if he is my living image, as it seems he is, I don't see what I can do. He is not responsible for the likeness, and if he chooses to speculate on the market, I can't prevent him. If his presence in the Street is going to hurt my bank, what recourse have I?"

The visitor saw that Freddy spoke earnestly and was much disturbed. The astonishing likeness between the boy banker and the alleged double was something that Bland couldn't settle in his mind. One moment he believed Freddy, and the next he doubted him.

"I never heard of two people looking so much alike unless they were twins," he said, "and I have always understood that you were your father's only child."

"That is right," nodded Freddy, looking down at his desk.

"Then I am to understand that it wasn't you, but your counterpart, as you call him, that I saw come out of the little bank?"

"Yes, sir. If you have any doubt on the subject, I ask you, in justice to myself, to wait for a few days until I can prove beyond a doubt that I have a double."

"I will do so."

"Thank you. Will you let me have that slip? With it I shall probably be able to locate the young man who resembles me."

"You can have it."

Bland, who had called fully expecting to withdraw his account from the King bank, took his leave without taking any action in the matter, though not yet fully convinced that the boy banker had a double.

CHAPTER III.—Jimmy and the Chink.

After the departure of Mr. Bland, Freddy rang for his office boy. Jimmy, who was out on an errand for the cashier when the depositor called, was back in his chair outside, and he answered the summons.

"Take this note around to the cashier of the little bank on Nassau street," said Freddy.

The note contained a request for the address of Reggie Lamb. Jimmy brought back an answer. It was to the effect that the cashier declined to furnish the addresses of any of the little bank's customers without authority.

"Jimmy," he said,

"Yessir."

"I want to find out where that double of mine hangs out down here. The next time you see him on the street, follow him and see where he goes."

"Yessir; but s'posin' it should be youse?"

"There will be no harm done if it is. The chances are it won't, for I'm not away from my desk much during banking hours, except when I go to lunch around two."

"Will I foller him into de office he goes to?"

"You'd better. You can offer some excuse for doing so. I've learned his name."

"Dat so?"

"Yes. It's Reggie Lamb."

"Den he's a Wall Street lamb," grinned Jimmy.

"He appears to be speculating in stocks, through the little bank."

"All de lambs specerlate, don't dey?"

"You mean the general run of speculators are called lambs."

"Dat's de same t'ing, ain't it?"

"Well, learn what you can about Reggie Lamb and let me know."

Jimmy said he would, and returned to his seat. Shortly afterward the cashier sent him out again. He had a notice to carry to a firm on Pearl street. On his way back he saw the Chinese boy he had seen in company with the person he had taken for his boss. He was sailing along as fast as any messenger, but his hands, instead of swinging at his side, were hidden under his blouse.

"I'll foller dat Chink. Maybe he'll take me to the boss' double," said Jimmy.

The Chinese boy turned down Hanover street and entered an old office building. Jimmy followed him into the small elevator and got out with him on the fourth floor. The young Celestial glided down the corridor to a door in the rear and went in. Jimmy noted the door and walked up to it. On the glass he read: "Reggie Lamb, Stocks and bonds. Eastern Office of the Tamaling G. & S. Min'g & Mill'g Co., Paradise, Nev."

"Gee! De boss' double has an office to himself. He's puttin' up a bluff as a broker. Dis will be news for de boss."

He peeked through the keyhole and saw the Chinese boy sitting at a table.

"I guess dat Chink is his office boy. Well, wot do yer t'ink of dat? Who ever heard of a Chink messenger in Wall Street? Gosh! if dat don't take de cake. I've a great mind to walk in and see if Reggie Lamb is in. I'd like to see if dere ain't somet'in' diff'rent about him from me boss. Wot kind of excuse will I hand him? I'll tell him I wuz sent to ask him about de mine."

Jimmy opened the door and walked in. No one was there but the Chinese boy.

"Whattee want?" asked the young Mongolian.

"I want to see yer boss," said Jimmy.

"Bossee out. Callee 'gain to-morrow. Catchee in 'bout ten 'clock. Savee?"

"Ain't he comin' back dis afternoon?"

"Hap. No tellee. Him all samee muchee busee. Makee scads like Lockeebilt. Gettee lich quick. He muchee smartee fellee."

"I s'pose youse is smart, too?"

"Bettee life," grinned the boy.

"What's your name?"

"Ling Sing. Whatee you name?"

"Jimmy."

"Jimmee. Whatee last?"

"Jinks."

"You b'ling to hoss malines?"

"Say, who yer joshin'?"

"No joshee. Speakee stlaight business. Who you comee flom?"

"Me boss sent me to find out somet'in' 'bout de Tamaling gold and silver mine. Maybe you've got some literachure."

"Whatte dat? Spellee out. Me no savee."

"You're a fine office kid if yer don't know what minin' literachure is. It means circulars, booklets and other printed matter. Get me?"

"No gettee. 'Pose you lite it on papee; me show bossee."

"Never mind. I'll tell yer boss when I see him."

"Allee light. Guessee time to quit."

Ling Sing pulled out a handsome gold watch from under his blouse and looked at it.

"Fo' 'clockee. No t'inkee so latee."

"Four o'clock!" cried Jimmy. "You're dreamin'. It ain't more'n t'ree."

"Tlee 'clockee? Watchee say fo'. Tickee all lightee. 'Hap splingee workee too quickee. Takee to watchee man. Him fixee."

Jimmy saw that the watch was a fine one, and he was astonished to see such a handsome time-piece in a Chinese boy's possession.

"Is dat yer watch?" he asked.

"Yeppee."

"Where did yer get hold of it?"

"Bossee makee plesent."

"He must t'ink a lot of yourse."

"Bettee life. Me bossee light bower."

"Wot's dat? Youse is his right bower? What yer givin' me?"

"Me speakee tluth. Bossee no gettee 'long 'out me."

"Youse has a good nerve to say dat."

"No believee?"

"Sure not. Take me for a chump?"

"No looker like chump. Velly smart young fellee. Me likee you. Where you workee? Me call see you some timee. 'Hap me 'vite you out some nightee. Paintee town led. No costee you cent. Me plenty scads."

Ling pulled a wad of bills out from under his blouse that made Jimmy's eyes bulge.

"Holy mackerel! Youse is flush for fair."

"Bettee life," grinned the Chinese boy.

"What does yer boss pay yer?"

"No pay wagee. 'Pose me wantee scads, say so. Bossee handee wad. No countee."

"For de love of Mike! Youse has a snap."

"Bettee life. Now tellee where you workee."

"I work for the King Bank, No. — Wall Street."

Ling Sing picked up a small brush, rubbed it on an ink pad and made some marks in Chinese characters on a piece of paper.

"Likee smoke. Me tleat," he said, opening a drawer and producing a package of cigarettes. "Helpee self. Takee pack. Gottee lot mo'."

"Thanks. Youse is all right, Chink," said Jimmy, accepting the pack.

"No callee Chink. Not polite. Ling Sing namee."

"All right, Ling."

"Shakee. We good fiends, eh?"

"Sure we are. You're a peach."

Both grinned as they shook hands.

"Time to quittee. Call to-morrow see bossee. He talkee minee. Sellee stock. You bossee buy. Gettee lich all samee Asteebilt."

They left the office together, and Ling Sing accompanied Jimmy to the bank.

"You workee here. Me lemmember. So-long."

The Chinese boy sailed up Wall Street with his hands under his blouse, and Jimmy entered his place of business. He found Freddy at his desk.

"You've been out a long time, Jimmy. Mr. Brown has been looking for you."

"I spotted de place where Reggie Lamb hangs out."

"Good. Where?"

"He has an office at No. — Hanover street."

"An office. The dickens! Then he's a fixture down here."

"Youse kin gamble on dat. He's de agent for de Tamaling Gold and Silver Minin' Co. of Paradise, Nevada."

"The deuce he is!" cried Freddy, in some astonishment.

"Lat's right. I was talkin' to his right bower."

"Who's that?"

"De Chink—Ling Sing."

"The Chinese boy!"

"Yep. He's a crackerjack. He sports a watch dat must er cost a hundred bones, and he's got a wad er bills as big as a house. He told me dat Reggie Lamb does a lot er business, and makes money like Roberbilt."

"The Chinese boy told you that?"

"Dat's a fact. I asked him how much his boss paid him. He said he didn't get regular wages, but when he wanted some dough he asked for it, and de boss handed him a roll without countin' it."

"And you believed that?"

"He showed me a wad dat made me eyes stick out. He's got de stuff all right. He wants to take me out some night and blow me to a big time."

"The Chinese boy?" said Freddy, in wonder.

"Yep. He's a reg'lar sport."

"You astonish me. You didn't see Lamb?"

"No. De Chink said he'd be in to-morrow at ten o'clock. If yer want to see him, dere's yer chance."

"Very well, Jimmy. Now go and see if Mr. Brown has anything for you to do."

Freddy was surprised and discomfited to learn that his double was anchored in the Wall Street district. Evidently, if he was agent for a Western mine, he had come to stay. The only bit of satisfaction he could get out of the situation was the reflection that no one could mistake the name of Lamb for that of King. On the whole, it was a good thing that Reggie Lamb had a business of his own to engage his attention, and which could not be confused with the King Bank. The Street was bound to wonder at the astonishing resemblance between the two boys, and it would give rise to all sorts of surmises. Some wouldn't be convinced that they were not twins. Both would deny any relationship between them, but their denial was likely to be doubted. There are instances on record where twins have shown such a strong aversion to each other that noth-

ing could bring them together on terms of friendship.

At the same time there are many instances on record where persons who were in no way related were so much alike in personal appearance that they have been frequently taken for one another. That isn't saying that they were so much alike as Freddy and his double were, according to the statements of the three persons he had talked with on the subject. The bank kept open till four, an hour later than the big banks, which was an accommodation to its customers, and the cashier and clerks usually left half an hour later. Jimmy generally got away when the bank closed, and Freddy shortly afterward.

CHAPTER IV.—Freddy and His Double Meet.

Freddy and his mother dined together at seven except when they had company, which happened once or twice a week. They had no company on this evening. Mrs. King kept a cook and two servants, one of whom attended to the laundry work and assisted the cook, while the other looked after the housemaid's duties, and waited on table.

"Mother," said Freddy, after the dessert was brought and the maid had withdrawn, "I'm going to astonish you."

"Are you indeed, Freddy," smiled his mother.

"And I'm afraid what I have to tell is going to call up a sore spot in your recollection."

His mother looked serious.

"What is it?" she asked in a low tone? "Something about—your father?"

"No. A young man has made his appearance in Wall Street within a few days who looks so like me that my office boy and three other persons—one of them an old customer of the bank—can't tell us apart."

A look of pain came over the face of Mrs. King, and she clutched the tablecloth.

"You have seen this young man yourself?" she said, in some agitation.

"No, mother, but I hope to meet him to-morrow morning. He has an office on Hanover street, and Jimmy told me he is an agent for a western mine."

"Then you have only the statement of other people as to his great resemblance to you?"

"That's all; but I know the likeness must be astonishing from the way the four in question were deceived. I can't understand it, mother, and I don't like it, for to have a double in Wall Street is bound to creat complications. I am so well known that this young chap is sure to be mistaken for me after the Street gets wise to the fact that there are two of us."

"Do you know his name, and where he comes from?"

"I know nothing about him except his name, which is Reggie Lamb."

"Reggie Lamb!" repeated his mother.

"Yes. I imagine he hails from the West, because of his connection with the Paradise mine, but that is only surmise."

"He is about your size and age, I suppose?"

"I judge so. The most remarkable thing is that he dresses exactly like me, even to my shoes."

so I was told, and what puzzles me is the added fact that he has a scarf-pin said to be the facsimile of this one which I had specially made to order at Tiffany's from my own design."

"The jeweler must have made a second one, then, but it is odd that this young man should be the person to get it."

"Maybe the clerk who took his order took him for me. I did not think of that before."

"How could he when he must have given his own name on leaving his order?"

"That's true enough. Besides, only a couple of the clerks know me. If it is a coincidence it is a very singular one."

"Do you intend to call on him to-morrow?"

"Such is my intention."

"Then we had better postpone further discussion of this subject until to-morrow evening."

"Very well, mother."

Nothing more was said about Freddy's double, and soon afterward Mrs. King left the table and went directly to her room. Freddy himself put on his hat and coat and went out to keep an appointment. Next morning Freddy appeared at the bank at half-past nine, his usual hour. Ten minutes later he called Jimmy in to find a letter in the letter-file case. Jimmy found the letter in short order and returned to his seat outside in the little reception room at the end of the corridor. Suddenly he noticed a buzz of excitement in the counting-room. He peered through into that department, which ran the entire length of one side of the little bank to the big plate glass window where a display of foreign and domestic gold, silver and notes were shown, as well as foreign bond issues. The cashier and three clerks were all looking toward the cashier's window. Their countenance exhibited surprise and curiosity. It was clear that something unusual was on the tapis, but what it was Jimmy couldn't tell from the place where he stood.

His own curiosity being excited, he opened the door and looked out into the corridor. There, at the cashier's window, stood the very counterpart of his boss. As he knew Freddy was in his room, he did not need to be told that this person was the boss' double. It was indeed Reggie Lamb, who had heard about his own double after a score of mix-ups in the street, and securing the name and address of King, he had come to investigate the matter. He stood at the window and asked if Freddy King was in. Now the cashier had not heard about the double business, Freddy having neglected to tell him, and when he looked at the visitor, he took him for his employer.

"What is it, Freddy?" he said, stepping to the window.

"My name isn't Freddy, it's Reggie Lamb. I asked you if Freddy King was in," said Reggie, impatiently, for this fresh complication was not pleasant to him.

To hear his supposed boss deny his name and ask for himself quite staggered the cashier. He stared at the caller as if uncertain of his eyesight, or whether Freddy had suddenly lost his mind.

"Why, why—I don't know what you mean, Freddy," he said. "Is this some joke of yours?"

"Joke!" cried Reggie angrily. "I want an an-

swer to my question—is Freddy King in? If he is I want to see him at once."

His voice was exactly like Freddy's, though his manner at the moment was not as polite as the young banker's. He spoke so loud that the clerks turned around, and then they looked and wondered what was up, for they did not doubt but the visitor was their boss. Cashier Brown remained speechless from perplexed astonishment.

"Really—I—" he said, hesitatingly.

Then Jimmy, who was the only one who comprehended the situation, came out and cut the knot, so to speak.

"Dis way, Mr. Lamb," he said. "Come dis way."

Reggie turned around and, finding himself properly addressed, came toward the office boy.

"What's the matter with these people? Are they crazy?" he said.

"Naw," replied Jimmy, "dey ain't crazy, dey're jest up in de air, dat's all. Want to see de boss?"

"I want to see Freddy King, the boy banker," said Reggie.

"Step in and take a seat. I'll tell him dat youse is here."

Jimmy marched into the private-room.

"He's here, boss," he said, with a broad grin.

"Who's here?"

"Yer double—Reggie Lamb."

"The dickens!" cried Freddy, jumping up in some excitement.

"Do I show him in?"

"Did he call to see me?"

"Yep. And I reckon dat he wants to see yer bad. Yer ought to see de folks in de office. Dey don't know wot to make of t'ings. Mr. Brown is jest paralyzed," and Jimmy chuckled with delight at the consternation which reigned in the counting-room.

"Show Reggie Lamb in, Jimmy."

Freddy resumed his seat and waited with a beating heart for the appearance of his counterpart. Reggie walked in. He expected to find a boy who bore a strong resemblance to him, but he did not expect to see such a facsimile—not only in face and form, but in attire. He stopped and stared in actual wonderment. Freddy stared at him in the same way. Had each been gazing into a looking-glass he could not have seen a more perfect copy of his own personality. It was some moments before either uttered a word, then Freddy said:

"So you are Reggie Lamb, my double?"

"I am Reggie Lamb, but in the name of all that's wonderful how is it that we look so much alike?" replied Reggie.

"Heaven knows," answered Freddy. "Sit down. I heard about you yesterday for the first time, and having found out that you had an office in Hanover street, I was going to call on you this morning to see if you really looked so much like me. You have got ahead of me. Upon my word, I believe my mother wouldn't be able to tell us apart."

"And I heard of you yesterday for the first time, but that isn't so singular, as I have only been a few days in Wall Street. But during that time I have been addressed by fifty people as Freddy King, and bowed to by a hundred more whom I don't know from Adam. Finally I decided to find out what it all meant, and I had a

nice time doing it. The two or three I stopped to question asked me if I was crazy when I insisted that my name was Reggie Lamb. Finally one man jokingly told me that if I'd forgotten my identity I'd better step around to my bank and get the clerk to put me right. At last I struck a man who didn't know you, and he told me where the King Bank was, so I made up my mind to call here this morning, which I have done."

"I'm glad to know you, Reggie Lamb, but I'm not glad of the resemblance," said Freddy.

"I don't know whether I'm glad to meet you or not, for our extraordinary likeness is making a lot of trouble for me."

"It's making more trouble for me."

"More! It can't affect you more than it does me. I have a lot of business on my hands, and I don't want to be taken for you."

"For people to be unable to tell up apart is going to affect the business of this bank, and I don't like that."

"What have I got to do with your banking business? I'm a broker and mining promoter. I'm worth as much as you and your bank put together, probably."

"Maybe you are and maybe you're not," replied Freddy, nettled by his visitor's tone.

"I'm satisfied I am. I think it's an outrage that you should look like me."

"I'm not at all pleased that you should look like me."

"I'm not worrying about whether you're pleased or not. My face is my own."

"And mine is my exclusive property. It is well known in Wall Street, and by butting in here you are infringing on my rights."

"I admire your nerve. I have as much right in Wall Street as you have."

"Not at all. I was here first."

"What do I care for that? I came to Wall Street to do business, and I intend to stay here as long as I choose. Perhaps you think you can put me out?"

"I wish I could. I consider you an interloper."

"Bah! What do you want for your bank? I'll buy it out to get rid of you."

"Pooh! You're talking through your hat. You couldn't buy the window of my bank."

"What's that? I could buy two banks like this one and not know I had spent anything."

"You've got a big head for a chap of your size. Look here, I want to ask you where you got that scarf-pin? It's a dead copy of my own, and I had mine made to order from my own design."

"I was going to ask you the same question. I had this one made to order from an idea I originated myself."

"How could you originate the same idea as I did myself?"

"Perhaps you'll explain how you got the same idea I had?"

"Where did you get your pin?"

"I had it made in Goldfield."

"I had mine made at Tiffany's—uptown."

"I'll buy yours. How much do you want for it?"

"It isn't for sale. I'll give you \$50 for yours."

"You couldn't buy it for \$500."

"That means you won't sell it?"

"That's just what it means. Now how are we going to straighten out our identities?"

"The only way I see is for you to return whence you came."

"I like your cheek. I'm a fixture here."

"Then I wish you'd get a new face."

"Get a new one yourself. My face suits me."

"Well, we've got to do something to look different. I suggest that you buy a suit of clothes that's wholly different from mine."

"I'm accustomed to these clothes. Get a different suit yourself."

"It's your place, as a newcomer, to give in to me."

"Not at all. It's your place as an old resident to defer to a stranger."

"You're from the West, I believe?"

"Yes."

"Then you ought to wear a cowboy hat."

"I shall wear the hat that becomes me, and that's this one."

"It seems to me you are very obstinate."

"I think you're the one that's obstinate."

"You've turned down every suggestion I have proposed."

"You've done the same."

"I've nothing more to say."

"Neither have I except to wish you good morning. When you feel in a reasonable humor, call and see me and we'll talk it over again."

With those words Reggie Lamb walked out of the office.

CHAPTER V.—Reggie Lamb and the Reporter.

The interview with his double was very unsatisfactory to Freddy. We may incidentally remark that it was just as unsatisfactory to Reggie. Both thought the other should have yielded a point or two, and because he had not both were angry and disgusted with each other.

"That's the way with Western chaps, they're only half civilized," growled Freddy to himself after his visitor had departed.

That was hardly a fair estimate of Reggie Lamb, for that lad looked fully as civilized as Freddy himself. Under the circumstances, however, Freddy might be excused for his hasty opinion.

"That fellow oughtn't to have come to Wall Street," he went on; "but since he is here he ought to be willing to do something to ease up matters. Instead of being obliging, he is just the contrary. Now what in thunder am I to do?"

At that moment there came a knock on the door.

"Come in," said Freddy.

In walked Cashier Brown. He had noted the exit of his employer's counterpart, and having been assured by Jimmy that the visitor was not the boy banker, but his double, he had come to ask what it all meant.

"This is the most astonishing thing I've ever encountered," he said, mopping his face. "I've been cashier in this bank for ten years, and I've always understood that you were your father's only son. Is it possible that the young man who has just left is your twin brother?"

"I never saw that young fellow before," replied Freddy.

"Then he isn't—"

"No, sir, he's no relative of mine."

"And yet his likeness to you is perfect."

"I can't help that. It must be a freak of nature."

"It's the most amazing thing I ever heard of."

"It's something decidedly unusual."

"Anybody acquainted with you would take him——"

"For me. That has already happened. Jimmy was deceived yesterday when he saw him on the street. So was Broker Hapgood and others. He is causing me a lot of embarrassment."

"Let us hope he will not come to Wall Street soon again."

"You hope in vain. He has taken an office in Hanover street and will be very much in evidence in Wall Street."

"My gracious! What is his business?"

"He calls himself a broker and mining promoter."

"I'm afraid his presence in the district will cause awkward predicaments for you both."

"That's what I'm afraid of."

"I don't know what your friends will think."

"My friends will have to make allowances as soon as they get on to the situation, which they are bound to do in a short time."

"What brought the young man here to see you?"

"He was addressed so often by my name during the few days he's been in the district that he was curious to find out how far his likeness to me went. He was as astonished as myself when he saw how close was the resemblance. I offered some suggestions about a change in his attire, but he overruled them. He wouldn't yield in the smallest particular, and as I saw no reason why I should do so, the situation between us is at a deadlock."

"If he comes in here when you are out, none of us could tell him from you unless he gave his name."

"I don't think he'll call again. He had the assurance to tell me that he could buy two banks like this and not know he was spending anything."

"He must be worth quite a bit of money."

"He assumes to be, but whether he is I can't say. I fancy he was putting up a bluff."

Freddy turned to his desk and Mr. Brown returned to his own duties. When the boy banker went to lunch that day he was stopped by several of his acquaintances who had taken Reggie Lamb for him and felt aggrieved because he had failed to return their salutes. Freddy had to explain the situation, and it goes without saying that the gentlemen were astonished. They were inclined to think he was joking with them, but the boy banker assured them that what he said was true.

"My double's name is Reggie Lamb. He is a mining promoter, just arrived here, and he has his office on the fourth floor of No. — Hanover street," Freddy told each of them.

Naturally, all the gentlemen wanted to know how it happened he had such a remarkable double but Freddy said he couldn't explain it.

"He's from the West—Nevada, that's all I know about him," he said.

The news that Freddy King, the boy banker, had a double who looked so much like him that the two couldn't be told apart soon circulated around Wall Street. The news was received with

considerable incredulity—the impression being that somebody had got the story up as a joke. A newspaper man heard about it and called on Freddy to learn if there was any truth in the yarn. He confirmed the matter, and referred the reporter to Reggie Lamb, whose business address he gave. The reporter went at once to Hanover street, found Reggie in, and was amazed at the likeness between the two boys. He had quite a talk with the young promoter, but did not gain much information. All Reggie would admit was that he came from Nevada and was selling stock of the Tamaling Gold and Silver Mining and Milling Co., and expected to add other good mining propositions to his list.

On the wall of his office was a bird's-eye view of Goldfield, surrounded by small photographs of the important public buildings of the town. Also a view of the Paradise mining district, with the chief mines marked out with red ink. In one spot was a red cross. The reporter on gazing at the map asked Reggie if that was the location of the Tamaling mine.

"No. That cross indicates the position of the Golden Giant mine, one of the richest producers in Paradise."

"What is it quoted at on the exchanges?" asked the reporter.

"It isn't quoted. It's a close corporation, and none of the stock is for sale."

"I don't wonder, if it is really a rich producer."

"That has nothing to do with it. Some of the best producers in the West have a lot of stock in the hands of the public. When they started up they were merely good prospects, and the promoters needed capital to develop them. The stock was sold at a low figure originally, in some cases as low as ten cents a share. As the mines met the expectations of their backers, the price went up by degrees to the figures they are ruling at now. I know of a Denver tailor who made a suit of clothes for a customer and had to take his pay in the shares of a mine. Figuring on the cost of the suit, the shares stood him a nickel each. Two years later that tailor sold those shares for \$2,000 each, or \$4,000. Pretty good price for a suit of clothes for which he had asked \$50."

"I should say so."

"I could mention a score of other examples where persons had bought stock at from five to fifteen cents a share, laid it aside and forgot about it until their attention was drawn to the fact that the stock was selling for over \$1."

"I wish I were one of those fortunates," said the reporter.

"You can be. I am selling Tamaling shares at 25 cents. It is something more than a prospect—it's a mine, producing real ore. A year ago the stock was going begging at six cents. The company is now putting 100,000 treasury non-assessable shares on the market to increase its working capital. I have half of the amount to sell. I've already sold 35,000 shares. I expect to get rid of the balance within a week. When it's all gone the market price is almost certain to rise to 35 cents. If you want 100, 500 or 1,000 shares, the chance is yours. You can pay for them one-third down and the balance on instalments, twelve monthly payments. If you prefer to pay cash you will be allowed a discount of five

per cent. Better take 500 to-day. To-morrow or next day may be too late."

The reporter laughed.

"I am not making enough to afford to invest in mining shares. A reporter has to work hard for small pay, and the cost of living is rising all the time."

"Then you will miss a good thing. Tamaling is the best investment on the market to-day for the money."

"Well, I must be going. Have you a recent photo of yourself?"

"Want to print it alongside that boy banker's picture to show how much alike we are, eh?"

"That's the idea."

"When you fetch me Freddy King's I'll hand you one of mine."

"King declined to furnish a picture of himself."

"Well, you ought to know how to get it. He goes to lunch at two."

"When do you go to lunch, and where?"

"I have no particular time nor place. If you are thinking of taking a snap-shot at me, you'll have to watch your chance. You could simplify matters by taking the boy banker twice. One of them would pass for me. If you can tell us apart you are cleverer than most people down here. Everybody takes me for King. They know him and they don't know me. The fact of you calling on me shows that the news of our dual personalities have become known. It's a great nuisance to be mistaken for somebody else. I don't like it. You can put that in your story. Furthermore, I have no confidence in boy bankers. I called on him this morning and he gave me the idea that he has a big head. I hope he makes a success of his business, but I think he'd do better if he'd move over to Hoboken."

The reporter chuckled, thanked Reggie for the interview, and went away. The newspaper man hung around the King bank that afternoon, and when Freddy came out on his way home, took a snap-shot of him. Then he followed him to the Hanover Square station and got another picture of him there. The second picture was to stand for Reggie Lamb. Next morning a big morning daily had the two photos in with the reporter's story, written up in his best vein. Freddy saw it and was not pleased. When Reggie saw it he chuckled. He knew from the background of the pictures that both were the boy banker. All Wall Street saw it and laughed heartily over it, at the same time those acquainted with King wondering how they were going to distinguish him from his remarkable double. As the story stated that the boys were not relatives, and had never seen each other until the day previous, their astonishing likeness was regarded as one of nature's unfathomable mysteries.

CHAPTER VI.—Freddy and Reggie Meet Again

A week passed, and then an advertisement appeared in a financial newspaper to the effect that the executor of an estate would receive bids for 100 shares of a certain well-known industrial corporation, the stock of which was seldom sold in the open market. When this corporation started to erect a skyscraper in Broadway some time

before, the directors offered 100,000 shares of treasury stock to its stockholders in order to add \$15,000,000 to its building fund. Every share was snapped up, and none reached the general public. A score of brokers had standing orders to buy any of the stock that was offered for sale in the Exchange where it was listed. The par value of the stock was \$100, but it was valued at \$150 and over. Freddy King was looking for some of this stock for his mother. When he saw the advertisement he sent in a bid for the 100 shares. Next day he received a reply from the executor requesting him to call at his office, which was in a Broadway building at a certain hour. He left the bank with a satchel full of bills, expecting to secure the stock. When he entered the elevator the man who operated it uttered a cry of astonishment. And well he might, for in the cage stood Reggie Lamb, with a similar satchel.

"Great hivins!" cried the man, "is it twins yez are? Faith, wan would take yez for the same party if yez wasn't together."

"Happy to meet you again, Freddy King," grinned Reggie.

"I regret that I cannot return the compliment," replied Freddy, coldly.

"I didn't mean it as a compliment."

"I suppose not. I don't thank you for what you said about me to the reporter of the Morning Planet."

"What did I say, my dear fellow?" chuckled Reggie.

"You said you thought I'd do better if I moved my bank to Hoboken."

"Well, I think you would."

"Why don't you remove your own office to Hoboken? You might sell more gold bricks there," said Freddy as he stepped out on the floor he was bound for.

"What do you mean by gold bricks?" cried Reggie, following him.

"The kind of mining stock you unload upon a credulous public."

"Look here, young man, I want you to understand that the Tamaling stock is not a gold brick."

"I have only your word for that, and that doesn't go very far with me," laughed Freddy.

"It goes with other people, so your opinion doesn't count for a cent."

"I haven't met any one who thinks much of Tamaling stock, and I have lots of friends among the brokers."

"I have sold 40,000 shares of it since I opened my office ten days ago. That's good evidence that the public has confidence in it."

"The public is easily hoodwinked."

"Do you mean to insinuate that I am cheating my customers?"

"I leave that to your own conscience."

"Bah! Some day you'll be glad to loan money on Tamaling stock."

"When I so far forget myself as to do that, I will kiss the money good-by."

"With a laugh Freddy started down the corridor. Reggie followed after him. Freddy opened a door and disappeared. Reggie passed on, and entered the second door further on. The room between was the private office of the man who had advertised the 100 shares of industrial stock

for sale. Freddy had entered the ante-room occupied by his stenographer, while Reggie had gone in at the regular door where his bookkeeper was. The gentleman was at his desk talking to the heir of the estate. From opposite doors two well-dressed boys, as like as two peas, rushed into the office. They were Freddy and his double. Both were excited and shook their fists at each other. The gentleman started up and stared at them in amazement. So did the heir, who was quite staggered by their wonderful likeness.

"Wha—what is this?" sputtered the executor, who was a lawyer.

"My name is Freddy King, banker. You sent me word to call here at this hour in respect to that stock I bid on," said Freddy.

"My name is Reggie Lamb. I submitted a bid to you for that stock, and you wrote me to call on you to-day at this hour," said Reggie.

"Dear me, you are twins, aren't you?" said the lawyer.

"Twins! Certainly not," replied both boys in a breath.

"I said my name was Freddy King."

"And I said mine was Reggie Lamb."

"But you look exactly like each other," said the lawyer.

"That isn't my fault," said Freddy.

"Nor mine, either," put in Reggie.

"Bless my soul! This is most extraordinary," and he looked at the heir.

That young man nodded and said the resemblance was simply wonderful.

"Well, how about that stock, sir? Have you accepted my bid?" asked Freddy.

"I think my bid ought to take it," said Reggie.

"Pray sit down, young men, and let me get my breath. I had no idea when I sent for you that you were so young. So you positively are not twins?"

"No, sir," answered both boys.

"Dear, dear, not twins," he said, taking a slip out of a pigeon-hole in his desk. "Which of you is Freddy King?"

"That's my name," said the boy banker.

"Are you actually in the banking business?"

"Yes, sir. I succeeded my father in the management of the King Bank."

"You have brought the money with you, I suppose?"

"I have. I am ready to turn it over to you."

"Have you brought the money, too?" said the lawyer, turning to Reggie.

"Yes, sir."

"Then you will each pay me for fifty shares of the stock."

"But, sir, if my bid was the highest I should have it all," said Freddy.

"If my bid was the highest I want all the stock," said Reggie.

"Your bids were like yourselves—exactly alike, so I will divide the shares between you. I will deal with you first," he added to Freddy.

The boy banker stepped briskly up to his desk and handed over the required amount of money.

"There is the receipt for your money," said the lawyer. "In a day or two I will send you a certificate for fifty shares made out in your name."

"The stock is not for me, but for my mother.

Here is her name. Have it made out to her," said Freddy.

"Very well," said the lawyer. "I will send the certificate to your bank as soon as I get it."

That completed the business with the boy banker, and he took his leave. Reggie then stepped up and said he wanted his shares in his own name. The lawyer nodded as he handed him his receipt, and then he, too, departed. While Freddy and Reggie were at the lawyer's office, Ling Sing called around to the King Bank to see Jimmy Jinks. He stopped at the cashier's window and peered into the counting-room.

"What can I do for you?" asked Cashier Brown.

"Me likee see Jimmy Jinks."

"Go straight down the corridor and open the door there. You'll find him in his chair."

"Allee light," replied Ling.

He followed directions and presented himself before Jimmy.

"Is dat youse, Ling? Walk in and make per-self at home," said Jimmy.

"Bossee in?"

"No, he's out. Did yer come to see him?"

"No callee see him. Wantee see you."

"Yer see me, don't yer?" grinned Jimmy.

"Bettee life. How you feelee?"

"Fine as silk. I s'pose yer haven't much to do at yer office?"

"S'pose wlong. Me belly busy allee timee."

"Yer are? Same with me."

"Whatee do?"

"I do lots of things. Run errands, count de boss' money, sign checks and sit in dis chair. What do youse do?"

"Bossee office."

"You boss de office! What yer givin' me?"

"When bossee out me lun evellything."

"You're de boss in yer own mind when Reggie Lamb is out."

"Yeppee. Me makee placee hum. Sellee stock, takee scads, keepee bookee, all samee first chop clerkee. Placee no gettee 'long 'out me."

"Gee! Youse have a swell opinion of yer-self."

"Bettee life," grinned Ling Sing.

"How long have yer been workin' for yer boss?"

"One, two, tlee year."

"T'ree years? Has Reggie Lamb been in business dat long? He ain't more'n nineteen."

"Nopee."

"Den how could yer have worked t'ree years for him?"

"Me workee fo' him 'fo' he startee in. Washee clo's. Fixee buttee. Cookee. Makee bed. Tende evellyt'ling."

"Where did he pick yer up?"

"San Flancisco."

"Is dat where Reggie Lamb came from?"

"Hap."

"What do yer mean by Hap?"

"No catchee?"

"No, I don't catch on."

"Gettee dic', unabliged. Lookee up. Findee ploppa placee. Savee?"

Jimmy scratched his ear and gave it up.

"I s'pose yer was born in China?"

"Yeppee."

"How old was yer when yer came to San Francisco?"

Ling began counting on his fingers. He held up eight fingers.

"Eight years?"

"Yeppee."

"Came over wit' yer parents, eh?"

"Yeppee."

"Brought up in Chinatown."

Ling went on to say that he and his folks lived in a house on Dupont street, and that his father ran a restaurant on the second floor, a sort of chop suey emporium, patronized by white persons as well as the better class of Chinese, when Freddy came in. The Chinese boy sprang up as if a tack had punctured him. He took the boy banker for his own boss. He began explaining his presence there in Chinese. What he said was incomprehensible to Freddy and Jimmy, but it was to the effect that he was trying to sell Jimmy some Tamaling stock. As soon as he got his explanation out he bolted out of the door and sailed out of the office like a Chinese junk in a rattling breeze.

"Hully gee! Wot did he say to yer, boss?" asked Jimmy.

"I couldn't tell you. Is that Reggie Lamb's boy?"

"Yep. Dat's him."

"What brought him here?"

"He jest dropped in to see me."

"Oh, was that all? I thought Reggie sent him around to spy about."

Freddy entered his room and closed the door.

About the middle of June Freddy's mother moved to her summer cottage at Port Jefferson, Long Island. So on the Fourth of July, which fell on Saturday, Freddy started to spend two days with his mother, and what was a curious thing, Reggie Lamb was on the same train and bound for the same town accompanied by his Chinaboy. The next day Jimmy, Freddy's office boy, came up to the King cottage, having been invited by the boy banker to spend the holiday with him. They went down to the beach, Freddy and Jimmy, and who should they run up against but Reggie and Ling. Both boys stared at each other, and Jimmy thought it a good time to sneak off by himself and let them alone, and it was evident that the Chinaboy thought the same, for he suddenly left Reggie and joined Jimmy, and both proceeded for some distance, taking a seat together on a large stone.

Freddy and Reggie talked for some time and then Reggie suddenly turned on his heel and left Freddy. The boy banker sat down on a boulder and looked out over the water, when suddenly he was seized by a pair of powerful arms and a bag pulled down over his head and the upper part of his body, and made fast. Then he was lifted by two men and carried to the jutting corner of the rocks and into a small cove shut in by the rocky sides of the cliff.

they were and his futile struggles did not bother them much. In the cove was a small sloop tied to a rock. There was just enough water to float her at low tide, but the narrow channel was not deep enough for her to pass either in or out until the tide was half flood. Her sails were down, but not furled. Aboard this craft Freddy was lifted and laid on deck until the small hatch was lifted, and one of the men, springing down into the hold, received the boy's legs first and then his body. The other jumped down, and between them Freddy was carried to the mast and made fast to it. Then the bag was removed from his head.

"What's the meaning of this outrage?" demanded the boy banker, angrily.

"It means we've got you, Reggie Lamb, and you will have to come to terms."

"I'm not Reggie Lamb, you rascals."

"Oh, you ain't? You're somebody else, eh?" grinned one of the men.

"My name is Freddy King. You've got hold of the wrong party. I'll trouble you to release me, and then I hope you will apologize for your conduct."

"Say, what kind of a game are you giving us? Don't you suppose we know you, and you know us, too."

"I'm telling you the truth. If you take me for Reggie Lamb you've made the same blunder that everybody else has made. We look so much alike that nobody seems able to tell us apart. It's a confounded nuisance, and this experience caps the climax. I want you to release me at once or there's going to be trouble for you chaps. I'm not going to stand this kind of business."

"Look here, Reggie, you're only wasting your breath talking that way. Do you think we are fools to swallow such a yarn? We've been laying for this chance ever since you came East. You slipped out of Paradise mighty slick, but not slick enough to elude us. You euchered us out of the Golden Giant, and we're going to have a half interest back, understand that. We're willing to pay you a reasonable figure to ante up quietly. You know what it is. If you refuse to treat with us you'll never get back to Paradise alive. I think you know us well enough to understand that we mean business. Enough said."

"I tell you again I am not Reggie Lamb, and I don't know anything about the Golden Giant, which I believe is a mine. I know nothing about Paradise, for I never was there. If Reggie Lamb euchered you out of a mine, that isn't my affair. I am not interested in mines. I'm in the banking business in Wall Street. I never saw you men before, so I don't know you from Adam. You are only wasting your own wind by insisting that I am Reggie Lamb, and trying to force me to come to some agreement with you."

"You talk to us as if we were kids. There isn't the least use of you trying to deny your identity and stuffing us with a cock-and-bull yarn about somebody who looks like you. That's all hot air. If we didn't know you well enough to pick you out in the dark there might be some sense in your trying to work your little game. You know we've seen you often enough to know you like a book, so what's the use of you putting up such a tom-fool dodge? We're ready to talk and do business right now, and as we've got you

CHAPTER VII.—Puzzled.

It was a mighty unpleasant surprise which had been handed to Freddy, and it goes without saying that he didn't fancy it for a cent. He continued to kick and squirm in the grip of his captors, but they were strong fellows, whoever

where the hair is short you might just as well come to time and quit your fooling."

"If you won't listen to reason I've nothing more to say," replied Freddy.

"I guess you need a little time to cool down," said the other man. "You're a high stepper, you are, but you're going to take your medicine this time."

He said something in a low tone to the other man, who nodded. They walked to the hatchway, sprang on deck and hauled the cover over the opening. Then they went into the cockpit to talk the matter over. In a few minutes a boy came into the cove. This was Jimmy, who was looking for his boss. Jimmy looked at the sloop and the two men in her.

"Say, mister, did yer see a well-lookin' young feller walkin' dis way a few minutes ago?" he asked.

"No, we haven't seen anybody in here," replied one of the men. "Some friend of yours you're looking for?"

"It's me boss."

"Your boss?"

"Yep; de boy banker of Wall Street. I work for him. He is blowin' me to a couple of days' vacation down in dis here, where his mudder has a cottage for de summer."

"What's his name?"

"Freddy King."

The men looked at each other.

"How long has he been in business?"

"Ever since his old man died, a year ago, and left him de bank to run."

The men looked at one another again.

"I s'pose you never heard of a boy named Reggie Lamb?"

"Sure I have. He's a broker and minin' agent, wit' an office on Hanover street. He's me boss' double."

"He's what?"

"De dead pictur of me boss."

Again the men looked at each other.

"What are you giving us, young man?"

"Don't yer believe me?"

"Your statement looks rather scaly."

"If youse had been in de shore fifteen minutes ago youse would have seen both of dem dere. Reggie Lamb went off toward de entrance to de harbor, wit' his Chink in tow, and me boss came dis way. I guess he must er climbed up de cliff somewhere, but I don't see how he could have done it. Anyway, he wouldn't go off and leave me, seein' dat he brought me here. I'll bet he's lookin' for me, so I'll get back on de beach."

"Hold on young fellow. Is this a straight story you've given us? I never heard of two persons looking exactly alike unless they were twins."

"Yep, I ain't givin' yer no game. When I seen Reggie Lamb fust, erbout a mont' ago, I t'ought he wuz me boss. If dey bot' come in here now I couldn't tell which wuz me boss, honest I couldn't. Yer never seen anyt'in' like dem two. Dey bot' came down here on de same train yesterday, and dey had de conductor all balled up. Me boss told me erbout de mix-up dis mornin' when he came after me in his car. It's a reg'lar circus de way dey have everybody by de ears. Me boss don't like it for a cent, and Reggie Lamb says dat

he doesn't like it, eider, but wot can dey do erbout it? Not'in' dat I kin see unless Reggie Lamb goes back where he come from."

Jimmy started off and the men did not stop him again.

"What do you think, Jim? I guess there must be something in that kid's yarn. It would account for the front put up by our prisoner. If we've bagged the wrong bird we've put our foot in it. I could swear in any court that he was Reggie Lamb."

"So could I. I don't see how we could possibly be mistaken in his identity."

"I fail to see how Lamb could have an exact duplicate of himself East here. He told us when he was dickering for the property that he was raised in San Francisco, and since his father's death hadn't a relative in the world."

"I know he did, but maybe he lied. He might never have seen San Francisco. He paid us what we thought was a good price for the property, and we took him for a sucker, for the mine was considered a dead one. But no sooner did he get hold of it and started a gang to work in the main shaft than he opened up a lode of gold ore that astonished the whole camp. Then he renamed the mine the Golden Giant, and everybody gave us the laugh for selling a good thing cheap."

"Yes, blame the luck, and that's why we're trying to make him take us in with him on even terms. And we're going to do it, too, or somebody is going to get hurt."

"Never mind that now. What we've got to settle first is whether we've really got him in our hands, or whether we've hit his duplicate."

"How are we going to settle it?"

"One of us must go to the village and make inquiries. If that kid's story is true, and he told it pretty straight, it's a hundred-to-one shot that we have captured the wrong party, and we'll have to let him go."

"Then he'll put the police on to us and have us arrested for assault."

"As soon as we release him we'll have to pull up stakes and clear out."

"Which spells failure."

"Can we help it?"

"The worst of it is that Reggie Lamb is bound to get wind of the affair, and that will put him on his guard against us. We intended to take him by surprise. As yet he doesn't know we're East; that is, if we've bagged the wrong game. After we let the chap below go he's sure to learn we are camping on his trail, and then we'll have a harder job getting him, if we get him at all. Blame the luck! Who'd ever suppose we were going to run up against such a snag?"

"We're not sure yet that we have. You watch the prisoner and I'll go into the village and see what I can learn. The tide will be up by the time I get back, and the sloop will be able to get out."

The speaker entered the little cabin, put on a pair of false side whiskers and green glass spectacles, and bidding his companion good-by, left the cove by the only route of exit, and started along the shore to the nearest path that led to the top of the cliffs.

CHAPTER VIII.—Freddy and Reggie Become Friends.

Jimmy failed to find his boss even after mounting to the top of the cliffs by the path he and Freddy had descended by.

"Where de mischief did he go?" he asked himself. "He went on toward dat cove and I didn't seen him come back. De two men in de cove said dey didn't see not'in of him, so he couldn't have gone in dere. De only t'ing he could have done dat I see wuz to come up here, but it seems funny he would do dat widout me, unless he wanted to shake me, which ain't like him. I kin see some distance 'round here, and blessed if he's in sight. I reckon dat it don't make much diff'rence to me. I kin find me way to de cottage all right. 'Dere's no danger of me getting lost in dis locality. I'm no spring chicken, bet yer life."

So Jimmy started off for the cottage colony, which was stretched out along the hill overlooking the harbor. Some distance behind him followed the man from the cove who was in quest of information. In the course of an hour he learned enough to convince him that the wrong party was confined in the hold, and he hastened back to the cove.

"So the chap we went to the trouble of catching isn't Reggie Lamb?" said his companion, on hearing his story.

"No. I saw Lamb and his Chinese boy entering the grounds of one of the cottages on the hill. The fellow in the hold is as like him as one pea to another. I don't wonder we took him for Lamb. The kid we talked to told a straight story. Our prisoner is his boss. He's a young New York banker, and his mother is occupying one of the cottages for the summer."

"That settles it, I suppose. We'll have to let the boy go and start back for New York right away, for the game is up as far as this place is concerned."

The tide being right for the sloop to slip out into the Sound, they hoisted the mainsail and jib. Then they took the hatch cover off and one of them jumped into the hold.

"Well, young man, we've found out that you told the truth when you denied that you were Reggie Lamb and insisted that your name was Freddy King. As we have no business to transact with you we are going to let you go with our apology for the inconvenience we have put you to."

"And rough handling, why don't you add?" said Freddy. "So you are after the boy that looks like me? Is it true that Reggie Lamb got the better of you in some mining transaction?"

"He certainly did," said the man, after cutting him free. "He done us out of a rich mine."

"In what way?"

"No matter in what way. It's enough that he hoccussed us."

"And he controls the mine now?"

"He does."

"The Golden Giant mine, I think you said."

"That's the name."

"It's a rich claim?"

"As rich as thunder."

"Then he's well fixed?"

"At our expense; but we're going to make him

do the right thing or he'll find himself in a lot of trouble. Now how is it that you and he look like twins and yet are not related?"

"It's a mystery to both of us. I can give no explanation of it."

"I suppose you excuse us for making the blunder which landed you in the hold here instead of the party we thought we had?"

"I'll have to, I guess. I wish he'd go back West. He's a source of all kinds of bother to me in Wall Street. If he's got a rich mine why don't he stay on it and look after it? I would if I were in his shoes."

"He's got a mining man running it for him."

"Now I see that he told me the truth when he said he had plenty of money."

The man made no reply but pointed to the open hatch. Freddy was mighty glad to get out of the hold, and in consideration of the fact that anybody might have made the same mistake the men did, he promised not to make any complaint to the police. The men believed he would keep his word, but to be on the safe side and because it did not seem likely that they would get hold of Reggie Lamb after the mistake they had made, they poled the sloop out into the Sound where the wind caught the sails and carried the boat far from shore. The last Freddy saw of her she was headed for the Connecticut shore. He looked around to see if Jimmy was hanging around the cliffs, and seeing no signs of him, he concluded that the boy had returned to the cottage.

Lunch was waiting for him when he got back, and he learned that Jimmy was in the kitchen eating his. After the meal he found Jimmy in the yard talking to the chauffeur who was cleaning the mechanism of the car.

"Thought I'd deserted you, Jimmy?" he said.

"Looked kind of dat way, boss," replied the lad.

"I wouldn't do such a thing, Jimmy. I was the victim of another blunder two men made in my identity. They took me for Reggie Lamb, whom they hold a grudge against, and held me prisoner aboard a small sloop in a little cove for about two hours before they discovered their error."

"Why, I wuz in dat little cove talkin' wit' two men who wuz sittin' in de back end of a sloop dat looked as if it needed to be painted bad. Was youse a pris'ner on dat boat at de time?"

"I must have been."

"I asked dem if dey'd seen yer, but dey said dey hadn't. Dey asked me somet'in' erbout Reggie Lamb, and I told dem how much alike you and him wuz, and how de conductor on de train got you bot' mixed up, and how udder people had de same trouble."

"I guess you set them thinking that there might be some thing in your story, though at the time they were not inclined to believe you. They felt sure they had Reggie Lamb, and intended to hold on to him. One of the men probably left the cove and investigated your statement. At any rate, after I had been in the hold about a couple of hours, I was released with an apology."

"Wot did dey want wit' Reggie Lamb? Wot did he do to dem dat dey wanted to get square wit' him?"

"They claim that he euchered them in a mining deal out West."

"Is dat so? He must be a foxy rooster."

"What they say may not be the truth. It's my opinion that they sold him the mine, the name of which is the Golden Giant, for all it appeared to be worth, and that after he got possession of it rich ore unexpectedly cropped up, and naturally they felt sore to think they had made a mistake in getting rid of it, and so now they are trying to force him to let them in on a half interest. Of course, I'm not sure such is the real case, but I judged it was from the way the men talked."

"Gosh! I'll bet he knew de mine was a good one, and dey didn't, and he wuz slick enough to get dem to sell out. I don't see wot dey kin do now erbout it. S'pose yer have a gold watch which yer t'ink is brass, and yer sell it to me for de most I'll give yer. Den I clean it up and find dat it's real gold, wort' ten times wot I paid yer for it; I'm in, ain't I? If youse find out dat de watch is gold, and dat I got de best of yer in de trade, I don't see dat yer kin make me pay yer any more," said Jimmy.

"Your argument is all right, Jimmy. If a man willingly sells a gold dollar for a nickel, that's his lookout. He has no come-back on the purchaser."

"Dat's it. Dem men sold dat mine t'inkin' it wasn't wort' much. Reggie Lamb know'd better, or found out afterward, and now de men are tryin' to soak him for more money. If dey get anytin' out of him dey'll be doin' well. Take it from me, boss, dey're no flies on dat double of yours. I picked dat much up from Ling. He says his boss is smarter dan greased lightnin'."

"I think he is a pretty clever young fellow. The only thing I have against him is his resemblance to me. Now, Jimmy, I'll show you where the cottagers bathe. There's a string of private bath-houses, one for each cottage. They are large enough for two persons to use at the same time. We'll take a swim in the course of an hour."

Freddy and his office boy walked leisurely down to the beach on the east side of the harbor. They passed a hotel and three cottages belonging to it. Just beyond the road was a string of small bath-houses belonging to the hotel. A quarter of a mile further on were the detached bath-houses belonging to the cottage owners. Freddy pointed out his mother's house, and then they continued on along the curve of the harbor. In the course of an hour they returned and found a number of the cottagers in bathing.

Freddy provided Jimmy with a spare bathing suit, and they were soon in the water. They were both good swimmers, Jimmy being a regular water rat. A float was anchored out a short distance for the use of the cottagers. Jimmy was sitting on the edge of it, with his feet in the water, when suddenly a pair of brown hands grabbed his ankles and pulled him without ceremony into the water. Jimmy judged that his boss had played the trick on him, and when he came up he looked around expecting to see him laughing at him. Instead of that he saw Ling Sing, in a curiously marked bathing suit, perched

on the float grinning for all he was worth. Ling's suit was ornamented with a yellow dragon in front, and a pink Chinese figure sitting cross-legged on the back. A small dragon with a corkscrew tail ornamented each of his short sleeves. The lower part of the suit was covered with all sorts of Celestial devices. Truly Ling Sing was a figure to attract considerable attention.

"Hi yah!" he yelled at Jimmy. "You catchee nicee dipee. How you likee?"

"I'll show you in a minute," replied Jimmy, swimming toward the float.

"No gittee!" grinned Ling, springing up. "No catchee weazee sleepee. Me allee samee too smartee fo' Melican boy. Foolee evely time. Whoopee!"

Ling danced around upon the float in high glee. Jimmy, determined to pay him back, climbed up on it and rushed at him. Ling fell suddenly on his face, and Jimmy, falling over his body, pitched head first into the water. The Chinese boy jumped up and grinned derisively at him.

"Why no catchee me? Me foolee you belly nicee. Me slippee allee samee eelee. 'Hap tly 'gain. Gettee me next time."

"Youse is a smart geezer, but if I catch yer, good-night."

"Allee light. Me standee here waitee fo' you."

Jimmy placed his hands on the float and looked at the Chink. Ling eyed him back.

"Dat's a pretty loud swimmin' suit yer've got, Ling," he said.

"Bettee life. Allee samee first chop. Costee big plicee."

"How much?"

"Stein dolla'. Made to fittee. You dressee fittee too biggee. Allee samee balloonee. Some stylee 'bout me. Make mashee. Whoopee!"

He uttered the last word as Jimmy, thinking he was off his guard, sprang on the float and jumped for him. Ling, however, was as lively as a flea, and wasn't asleep for one moment. He glided to the other end of the float, and Jimmy was left. The tough lad determined to catch him, and advanced cautiously. Ling allowed him to cut off his retreat, and Jimmy thought he had him sure.

"Hi yah! Gottee me now, eh?"

Jimmy reached for him. Ling dived off backward and disappeared. Jimmy waited for him to come up. Two minutes passed and the Chinese boy didn't appear.

"Holy smoke! Maybe he hit his head agin somet'in and is drowned," thought the boy banker's office boy.

"Whoopee!" cried Ling, from the other side of the float where he had been hanging on and watching Jimmy after swimming under it.

"I'll t'row up me hands. Youse have me goat."

"You meanee?"

"Yep."

"Me tlost you. Come ovee. Me lacee you to beachee. Bettee dolla' me beatee you."

"I'm not bettin'. I'm busted."

"Velly well. Lacee fo' fun."

They started even, but though Jimmy was a prime swimmer, Ling left him behind and easily landed first. They found Freddy and Reggie talking on the beach. Freddy was telling his

double about the experience he had had at the cove. Reggie showed surprise and asked him to describe the men, which he did as well as he could.

"I know the rascals," he replied. "I had no idea they would follow me here. One of the reasons I came East was to shake them. So they told you that I skinned them out of their mine, eh?"

"They said you euchered them out of a rich claim."

"Why, the claim was considered in Paradise as a gold brick, and they shoved it at me. They had the main tunnel salted, and they tried to unload it on every newcomer. I had a bunch of money which my father left me in San Francisco when he died. Those roosters soon found out I was looking for a prospect, and they froze to me. They told me that their claim was a good thing, but that as circumstances over which they had no control compelled them to leave the diggings right away, they were willing to sell fairly cheap. They took me down in the mine and showed me the specks of gold as thick as gooseberries on a bush. I fell for the game, for I was inexperienced then, but I drove as good a bargain as I could. The deal went through, and after they got my money I learned that I was stuck. The party who told me that might have warned me, but he didn't. He explained how the tunnel was salted, and advised me to say nothing but watch for some sucker and try and work him. I was as mad as a hornet, for the rascals had got half of my funds. I followed the scamps to Goldfield and had a run-in with them, but they handed me the laugh, and gave me the same advice as the other man. That night I dreamed I was in the tunnel working with a pick at a certain spot. Suddenly the earth fell all around me, and I saw a lode of yellow quartz. I gave a shout and woke up. The dream impressed me so much that I hurried back to Paradise and, taking a pick, entered the tunnel. Going right to the spot of my dream, I began digging away at the earth. I had made quite a hole when the earth caved in, nearly burying me."

"And you saw the lode?" said Freddy, eagerly.

"Not until I had shoveled most of the loose dirt out of the way. It was there, though. To convince myself that I had really struck a good thing, I brought a prospector whose acquaintance I had made to view it. He examined the lode carefully, dug around it for several feet, and finally got a partial line on its width. He declared it to be one of the richest strikes that had been made in the camp. The news spread and fifty miners came, looked and confirmed the prospector's statement. Then I put men at work, and the ore I took out was of the highest grade. The Paradise paper printed half a column about it, and this was copied by the Goldfield and other papers. The chaps who sold me the supposed gold brick rushed back to investigate. When they found I had got the best of them they were wild. Since then they have been trying to get me to take them in as partners, offering me back most of the money I paid them. I laughed at them. Why shouldn't I when a mining firm offered me \$75,000 for the claim, and later raised their price to \$100,000?"

Freddy agreed that he would have been a fool to even consider their demands. Reggie said he had engaged the prospector, whom he found to be a trustworthy man, to run his mine for him while he was East.

"I wouldn't take a quarter of a million for that mine spot cash," he continued. "It will probably turn out more than that in gold in the course of time. I got a letter yesterday from my manager telling me that the agent of a syndicate was looking it over with the view of making an offer for it. He only wasted his time, for the Golden Giant is positively not for sale."

"What are you going to do about those chaps who are lying for you? They probably have your office spotted, and may know where you are living?"

"Don't worry. They won't get me like they got you."

"You can't tell. If I can be of any service to you, don't fail to call on me."

"I thought you were sour on me?" said Reggie, with a flickering smile.

"I was, but what's the use of our being sore on account of the likeness which neither of us can help. I'm willing to call everything off and be friends. There is my hand."

"There's mine, old top. You're not a bad fellow by any means. On the whole, I'm willing to admit that I liked you from the first. Hereafter the dove of peace will roost between us. Come on, let's finish our dip."

CHAPTER IX.—Another Failure to Get Reggie.

On Monday morning Freddy and his double returned to the city on the same train, accompanied by Jimmy and Ling Sing in the seat behind, and were taken for a pair of twins. They reached their respective offices about the same time. Reggie found a letter inside his door from some stranger asking him to call at his house on East Seventy-first street, as he wanted to see him about purchasing 5,000 shares of Tamaling mining stock. The writer said that owing to a severe cold he was unable to call on Reggie at his office, and would esteem it a favor if he would visit him that evening at about eight o'clock.

Reggie had only 5,000 shares of the stock left, and was eager to get it off his hands so as to make his complete report to the president of the company, who had intrusted him with the commission of selling the block of stock in the East. He had called on quite a number of people about the stock, and had usually done business with them. As he had advertised the stock for sale in several papers, he had received a great many replies. All his correspondents received in return a neat pamphlet giving a full record of the mine, together with circulars containing later information. Those who thought well of the proposition called on Reggie at his office for a talk, or made an appointment at their offices. This was the first person who asked the young agent to call at his house, and that, too, without first receiving any printed information about the mine. Reggie read it over twice. Then he had a short talk in Chinese with Ling.

The result of the confab was that Ling got an envelope containing the literature sent out, put on his hat and started uptown to investigate the writer. Perhaps Reggie had a suspicion that the letter was a trap on the part of his two enemies to get him into their clutches. The Chinese boy was away two hours. Reggie was out when he got back, so Ling sat down at his table and began to make sundry notes in Chinese characters on pieces of paper. When he got through he had several columns of them, and they contained more information than one would have supposed to look at them. He studied them over and then laid them aside. Several visitors came in to see Reggie, and Ling interviewed them. Some were greatly amused and with pidgin-English, while others were bored. None of them stayed long, but said they would call again. Finally Reggie came in, and then Ling made his report. He had learned that two men, one being the writer of the letter, had hired a back room at the house the day before, but had not yet moved their traps in. The landlady, who was a rather tough personage, gave Ling a general description of her new lodgers, neither of whom she said had a bad cold so far as appearances went.

Apart from the fact that one wore a heavy beard and the other had Dundreary whiskers, the description fitted in pretty good with the personal appearance of the two rascally Westerners. One of the men, the writer of the note, had told the woman that he expected a well-dressed young man to call on him that evening, and that he would surely be there to meet him. That was the sum and substance brought by Ling Sing, and Reggie had no doubt that the two lodgers were his enemies who hoped to see him walk into the trap they had set for him. Ling was of the same opinion. They would be disappointed, however, for Reggie had no intention of visiting the house. On the following afternoon about four Freddy dropped in to see Reggie.

"Glad to see you, old chap," said Reggie.

After talking a few minutes Reggie started to tell Freddy about the trap his two enemies had set for him, when the telephone rang. The proprietor of a Pearl street business house wanted Reggie to step over for a few minutes to look at some goods the boy had arranged to purchase.

"Sorry, old man, but I've got to run over to Pearl street. I don't expect to be over twenty minutes, so if you're not in a hurry you might wait till I get back, and then I'll tell you the story."

"All right," said Freddy. "I'll wait."

"You can amuse yourself reading the latest mining news. Ling, hand Mr. King the Western Miner."

Ling got the paper, which had come that morning. Then he returned to the study of an English primer, for he was ambitious to improve his knowledge of the language. When learning the rudiments of his own lingo in China, he and the rest of the scholars stood up in the room with their backs to the teacher, and repeated their lesson in sing-song fashion, swaying their bodies to and fro, like an orchestra leader making time.

The teacher held a long bambo stick in his hand, and the boy who failed to keep time got a whack from it over his back. Ling, applying himself to

his book, droned out the words in the same sing-song way, moving his body like a pendulum over the table.

"What are you up to, Ling?" asked Freddy, watching him curiously.

"Me learnee Engleesh. Pletty soon me speakee allee samee as Jimmy."

Freddy laughed.

"You don't want to imitate Jimmy. He handles the language very carelessly."

Ling scratched his ear in a puzzled way. Freddy's remark was too much for him.

"No catchee," he said.

At that moment the door opened and two men entered. The Chinese boy sprang up with an exclamation in pidgin English that was more expressive than polite. He recognized the visitors in spite of their hairy disguises. So did Freddy, for they were the two men he had encountered in the cove. While one of the men locked the door, the other advanced with revolver in hand.

"This time we've got you, Reggie Lamb," said the man with the gun. "We got that double of yours by mistake on the Fourth, but now we have caught you on your own stamping grounds, so there won't be any miss this time."

Freddy laughed.

"You chaps have hard luck," he chuckled.

"What's that?" cried the man.

"You've got Reggie's double again. I am Freddy King. I just dropped in to see him, and I'm waiting for him to come back."

"That won't go down with us."

"Ask Ling Sing then."

"Oh, he'll swear to any lie of yours."

"No swealee. Me allee samee nicee boy," chipped in Ling.

"Why, you confounded Chink, what did you rip out when we came in?"

"No lip out nothee. Me healee light."

"I heard you right enough. Take your hand out of that drawer. Tend to him, Jimmy. I'll bet he's got a gun in that—thunderation!"

Ling, quick as a wink, had each of the rascals covered with a six-shooter.

"Dloppee gun quickee!" cried the Chinese boy. "Me fillee full holee."

The men roared out a string of imprecations.

"Dloppee quickee. Tlow up handee!"

"You infernal——"

A whip-like report cut him short, and a bullet went through his false whispers.

Down went the gun and up went two pair of hands.

"Backee 'gainst wallee," ordered Ling.

The men backed, for the Chinese boy had them dead to rights.

"Pickee up gun, Mistee Kingee. Phonee p'licee. Sendee lascals plison. Bossee fixee."

"I say, are you really the same chap we had ahoard the sloop?" said one of the men to Freddy.

"I am. Reggie Lamb is out."

"Blame the luck! We're up against it again. Say, don't send for the police. We'll go away quietly."

"No gettee way. Gottee now, keepee. Bossee settle hashee. Bettée life."

Freddy, knowing that Reggie would soon return, decided not to telephone the police, though he looked up Headquarters' call to have it ready

for his double. The men begged Freddy to let up on them and permit them to depart, but he told them that he had nothing to say about it.

"Ling is bossing the job at present," he said.

They tried to bribe the Chinese boy to let them go, but he wouldn't listen to them. In the midst of the argument Reggie returned, and Freddy let him in. Reggie was greatly astonished when he saw how matters were. He recognized the two rascals in spite of their facial disguise.

"So you chaps followed me to New York to see if you couldn't achieve your object," said Reggie, "but you seem to have slipped up in your plans."

"Catchee long pigees by tailee," grinned Ling.

The fellows were too disgusted with the situation to answer.

"Are these the men who captured you on the Fourth, Freddy?" said Reggie.

"They are. And they were about to nab me again, only Ling stopped them with the revolvers which he fortunately had handy," said Freddy.

"After all, I must admit that our resemblance has been of service to me," said Reggie.

The rascals themselves cursed the resemblance, for it had helped bring about their downfall. Reggie handed them some pretty plain talk, and then told them he was going to have them bound over to keep the peace. As they had no friends in the city to whom they could look for bail, that meant that they would have to stay in jail until Reggie was willing to have them released. The police were sent for, and when the officers came, Reggie handed them over on a charge of premeditated assault. They were taken away, and later carried to the Tombs, Reggie promising to appear against them in the morning.

This he did, accompanied by Freddy and Ling Sing. Naturally, the boys were taken for twins. Reggie went on the stand first, gave his name, and stated that the prisoners had followed him from the West for the purpose of forcing him to make concessions with respect to a certain mining property which they were not entitled to. He said his object in having them arrested was to get the magistrate to put them under bonds to behave themselves toward him as long as he and they were within the jurisdiction of the court.

"To prove that I stand in danger from them I will put a witness on the stand whom they mistook for me, and he will explain what they did to him," said Reggie.

Freddy then took the stand.

"What is your name?" asked the clerk.

"Freddy King."

"King!" exclaimed the clerk. "You mean Lamb, don't you?"

"No. My name is King. I am a banker on Wall Street. Although Reggie Lamb, the complainant in this case, is my exact counterpart, we are not related. I never saw or knew of Lamb's existence until a month or so ago," said Freddy.

"Where were you born?" continued the magistrate.

"At my late father's country home in Larchmont."

"And where were you born, young man?" addressing Reggie.

"To the best of my knowledge and belief, in San Francisco."

"Aren't you sure?"

"I was brought up in that city, and my earliest memories cluster around my father's home on Nob Hill."

"You have no recollections of any place but San Francisco?"

"No, your honor."

"This likeness between you two appears to be a most marvelous freak of nature, then. Go on with the case," he added to the clerk.

Freddy stated his residence, and then told of his experience with the prisoners on the Fourth of July in the cove at Port Jefferson.

"I don't wonder that the men mistook you for the complainant," said the magistrate. "You say they threatened you with certain consequences if you refused to agree to their terms?"

"That man there told me if I held out I never would return to Paradise alive," replied Freddy.

"Whereabouts is this Paradise?"

"It's a mining town or camp in eastern Nevada. There are quite a number of active mines, mostly silver, there. The Gold Giant mine, which my double owns, is chiefly remarkable for the preponderance of gold found in it. It is a very valuable piece of property."

"Where you ever out there?"

"No, your honor."

Freddy then told what happened in Reggie Lamb's office the preceding afternoon.

"Only for the quickness of Ling Sing, Lamb's office boy, I probably would have been roughly handled by the prisoners, who once more mistook me for my double. That, however, is merely a supposition, as they did not get the chance to carry out their purpose."

After Freddy finished his testimony, Ling took the stand to corroborate what had happened the afternoon previous. The revolver that the man Jim used was produced by one of the arresting officers, but as that rascal denied having had it and as it was not found on him, the charge of carrying a concealed weapon could not be pressed against him. After all the evidence was submitted, the magistrate held the men in \$1,000 bail each to keep the peace. As they couldn't produce the money, or anyone to put it up for them, they were sent to the Tombs. Thus Reggie Lamb was relieved of their persecution.

CHAPTER X.—Westward, Ho!

On the following Friday afternoon Jimmy entered Reggie Lamb's office and found Ling alone there. Jimmy asked Ling to go to a baseball game with him the next day. Jimmy was on hand at one the next day and found Ling ready to go. They walked up to a Mott street restaurant, which was on the second floor of the corner building. Ling was well acquainted with the Chinaman proprietor. They took seats at a table by a window where they could see the elevated trains pass up and down.

"Whatee have, Jimmy? Loast beefee, maccaloni, flied lice, lobin's wings, lasbelly pudding, icee cleam. Eatee heap. Me foottee bill."

Jimmy said that lay-out suited him first rate. Ling gave the order in Chinese. What was served to them was a dish of stewed pork, rice, noodles, several vegetables and sesame seeds.

stewed in thir own juice, the whole concoction being known as chop-suey. Jimmy was no stranger to it and liked it first rate. Ling was fond of it.

"Like lobin's wings toppee off?" grinned Ling.

"Get out. What are yer givin' me?" said Jimmy, who knew the Chink was joshing him. "Come, let's be movin'."

As they had lots of time, Jimmy proposed to take Ling home and introduce him to his mother. The Chinese boy offered no objection, so they went up to a tenement in Cannon street. Jimmy led the way to the fourth flat back. There were four apartments on each floor. There was a small yard full of clothes-lines and another double-decker tenement in the rear, access to which was through the yard. Both buildings were beehives of humanity, and the street was full of similar ones. Mrs. Jinks was in and ironing the family wash, Saturday being the only day she could devote to that duty.

"Mudder, dis is Ling Sing, me partic'lar friend," said Jimmy.

"How are yez, Ling? Faith, it's a foine swell lookin' Chink yez are," said Mrs. Jinks.

"Yeppe. Me dlessee allee same Lockeebilt. No flyee on me, bettee life."

"Sure it's not bashful yer are at tootin' your own horn."

"No catchee. Talkee too fastee."

"For the love of Mike! I talk too fast for yez, do I?"

"Yeppee. Tongue waggee belly quick. 'Hap talkee in sleepee," grinned Ling.

"Upcn me word it's complimentary yez are. Are there any more like yez in China, I dunno?"

"Yeppee. Plenty. Stein hunled."

"If they're all like yer they must be lulus. Did yez bring your friend to lunch, Jimmy? Ye should have sint me word by the telyphone so I could have had a spread for yez two."

"No lunchee. Full as tickee," grinned Ling.

"Oh, ye are as full as a tick, eh? What a blessing!"

At that moment Mrs. Finnerty from across the hall came in.

"Begorra, I didn't know ye had company, Mrs. Jinks, or I wouldn't have intruded mesilf," said the visitor.

"Sure there's no harm done, Mrs. Finnerty. This is Ling Sing, a frind of me son Jimmy. He's the son of the Chinese ambassador, do ye mind."

Mrs. Finnerty was overpowered at the idea of meeting so distinguished a personage, and she favored him with a polite bob. Jimmy grinned all over his face.

"Come on, Ling, it's time we started for de Polo Grounds."

While Jimmy and Ling were on their way to the Polo Grounds, Freddy and Reggie were seated together in the office of the bank. The former had intended going down to Port Jefferson the afternoon before, but business kept him over. He and Reggie had gone to Del's for lunch and then returned to the bank. They had become very good friends. Freddie wanted to take Reggie with him and present him to his mother, but for reasons he hesitated. He was afraid of the effect his double would have on her.

"Lock here, Freddy, I've got to go back to

Paradise for a week or two. Why can't you come and see my mine?" said Reggie.

"I wouldn't mind if the bank could spare me that long," replied Freddy.

"Why couldn't it spare you? You expect to take a vacation, don't you?"

"Well, I expect to spend a part of each week down at Port Jefferson."

"Only a part? This is summer. Everybody goes away for a spell. Your cashier can run things all right. He's been in the business for years, you told me. Was your father's right hand man."

"That's correct."

"Very good. What's to prevent you staying away for a month if you wanted to? Suppose you were taken seriously sick and had to stay away, wouldn't the bank run just the same?"

"I guess it would. The fact is you don't feel like absenting yourself, isn't that it? You want to be in harness all the time. You'll get over that by and by. This bank is still like a new toy to you, although you've been at the helm for about a year. Now I'm going to start West Monday night. I want you to come along. You're going down to see your mother to-night. Tell her that you're going to take a two weeks' lay-off to see the wild and woolly West. The trip will do you good, my dear fellow, and we'll be company for each other."

"I know, but think of the sensation we'll create in Paradise? The miners won't know what to make of the pair of us. They'll surely have a fit trying to tell us apart."

"Pooh! What of it? They'll have to get accustomed to you just as Wall Street has had to put up with me. It will be a fine joke on them."

Freddy hesitated, but finally agreed to go with him.

"I knew you would. You've been cooped up too long in the East. You want to see the country. You will meet people who are the real article, though many of them are rough. I would like to take you right on to the coast. California is the greatest country in the world. Some day I mean to return there and make it my permanent home."

"I have often wished to go there myself. It is the land of gold."

"It was the land of gold. Now it is the land of fruit, of wheat and of oil."

"The mines have petered out then?"

"They surely have. So has western Nevada. Before we were born the Comstock Lode, as it was called, down in a big canyon, made millionaires of a dozen men now as dead as their mines nearly are. Virginia City, with Gold Hill and Silver City, grew up into a regular city of thirty odd thousand inhabitants. How many people are there there to-day? Perhaps 3,000. I was up there before I came East to Paradise. The stores on the main street were battened up, vacant for years, all the windows void of glass, and such a picture as would give one the blues. Some day Goldfield, Bullfrog and Paradise, with all the other new mining camps, may share its fate, but the world will be better off for their mineral products. California and western Nevada have had their day as mining propositions. In fact, every dog has his day, though many of the dogs

do not profit by the flood tide, which leads on to fortune, as Shakespeare wrote."

"You are having a pretty good day of it," smiled Freddy.

"Yes. I struck real luck. I am making hay while the sun shines, or rather while my lode in the Golden Giant holds out."

"I hope it will make you a millionaire."

"I'll be satisfied with half a million. I think I can worry along through life on that and get a fair amount of pleasure out of it. After all, money isn't everything. I'd give considerable if I had a mother living like you."

CHAPTER XI.—Conclusion.

At five o'clock Monday afternoon Freddy and his double started for the West. They stopped off at two of the big cities for a day's sight seeing on their way, and finally reached Goldfield. From Goldfield they went to Bullfrog, and thence to Paradise by stage. The boys put up at the Nevada House, the proprietor of which knew Reggie well.

Reggie had left the trunk he brought from San Francisco with the proprietor of the hotel, and he had it sent to his room. There were things in it he wanted to show Freddy. Photographs of the prominent features of the Golden City, and relics of his boyhood. They went over them that evening. There was a packet marked "Reggie Lamb. To be opened after I have been dead a year. John Lamb."

Reggie broke the seals and pulled out a shallow pasteboard box. It was tied with a piece of ribbon. Inside lay a few sheets of manuscript in his father's handwriting.

This is what Reggie read:

"To Reggie Lamb: These words will come to you as a voice from the grave. You have always supposed I was your father. Such is not the case." Reggie gasped at this unexpected revelation. "Your father and I were tellers in a New York bank. That, however, was some time before he married and you were thought of. I was something of a sport, and one of my weaknesses was backing horses. Luck did not favor me, and I got into financial difficulties. To save my credit I availed myself of a chance that came my way to make free with money belonging to the bank. Your father discovered what I was doing, and threatened me with exposure unless I made good. I could not return the money, and he reported the matter to the cashier, who in turn told the president. I was arrested, convicted and sent to Sing Sing for a term of years. While there I swore to get square with the man I owed my ruin to. When I was released I found that the man I hated had opened a private bank and was prospering. He had also got married. I learned that he was living out of town. My first idea was to waylay him on his way home and kill him. I went to Larchmont to carry out my plan. It was winter, and his train reached the village after dark. That favored my scheme, for dark deeds are best done under cover of night. I learned where his residence was, and I

went there to see how the land lay. I saw a woman inside the grounds wheeling a carriage containing two very young children who looked like twins. I recognized the woman as a person who had been identified with many shady transactions. I accosted her by name, and she turned white with terror. I saw my advantage and asked her what she was doing there. She told me she had reformed and had secured the position of nursemaid in the family of the man I hated. She said the children were his, and begged me not to expose her past, for it would mean her ruin. I considered a moment. The situation outlined my scheme to her. The price of my silence was one of the children, and I suggested a story for her to tell to account for its disappearance. It is needless for me to dwell on the matter. It is enough that I gained my point. You was the child I stole, and I carried you with me to California. The woman went along and became your nurse, for in consequence of your disappearance she lost her situation in the family. Well, I had my revenge and was satisfied. Since then I have prospered, and have raised you as my son, giving you a good education and other advantages. Did my conscience reprove me for what I had done? Never. I took care to see that you should not suffer since I had nothing against you. It was your father I hated. When I die you will have all I have made, a very tidy sum, to do with as you choose. Now that you have read my confession, you will naturally be curious concerning your real parentage. It is right that you should know, as I have no further interest in the matter. Your name is—King. That's all.

"John Lamb."

Reggie drew a long breath and stared at the paper some moments. Then he pulled himself together.

"Freddy," he said, "didn't you have a twin brother who disappeared mysteriously at a very early age?"

Freddy gave a start and changed color.

"I cannot answer that question," he replied, slowly.

"You mean that you don't want to. Very well. Read that letter. Unless I am a poor guesser it throws a light on the meaning of the likeness between us."

Freddy read the letter. He showed some agitation as he proceeded, which gradually increased till he reached the end. Then dropping the sheets he grabbed Reggie and cried:

"You are my twin brother who was believed to have perished in the Sound at the age of two. These pages practically prove it. What a glad surprise this will be to mother when she learns the truth."

The twin brothers clasped hands, and on their joy we will draw the curtain. A few days later they reached New York, and immediately took a train for Port Jefferson. Need we dwell on what followed? Mrs. King scarcely needed the confession of John Lamb to convince her that the boy banker's double was the twin she had long mourned as dead, and thus was explained a strange Wall Street mystery.

Next week's issue will contain "THE YOUNG BEACH COMBER; or, A FORTUNE FROM THE SAND."

CURRENT NEWS

FALLING OF BIG METEORS

Falling of an immense meteor between Fairbanks and Shatanlika, Alaska, and the descent of other meteors for hundreds of miles along the Kuskowin River has led to a theory that they resulted from the blowing off of the top of Mount Pavlof in the Aleutian Islands, in eruption recently.

Vast disturbances among ice floes also are attributed to the eruption. Dislodged ice caught between the steamer Star and held her fast near Barren Island, according to Capt. George Howe, reputed the oldest seafaring man in Alaska. This is the first time that ice has been seen near Barren Island.

Mariners believe that the entire floor of Bristol Bay, lying north of Mount Pavlof, was transformed as a result of the eruption.

Natives and prospectors in the Kuskowin Valley, hundreds of miles from Mount Pavlof, were frightened by the falling of numerous large meteors.

"GHOST" CHOKES GIRL

Morewood, a mining hamlet near Mt. Pleasant, Pa., has a "ghost" mystery that is threatening

the life of pretty Margaret Frejosky, aged eighteen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Frejosky, and county authorities have been appealed to for aid by the parents.

Nightly for almost seven months, or ever since she rejected a miner suitor, Margaret has had a nocturnal visitor, who, emulating the "cave man," has struggled with her and even choked her almost into insensibility, to disappear as mysteriously as a phantom.

"Tall, dark and gaunt, with steely eyes," is the description of the "ghost" as given to the authorities by the victim. Efforts to solve the mystery have been of no avail. Guards have been secreted in the girl's room, but have failed to see the thing she saw.

The other night the "phantom" appeared twice, and once the bony-like fingers clutched tightly at her throat, the girl told her mother, after her frightened shrieks had aroused the household. Physicians are puzzled, for the girl is normally healthy, but they agree that unless the nightly frights are warded off she must sooner or later succumb, since her strength is rapidly being sapped.



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A POOR BOY'S STRUGGLE FOR SUCCESS

By GASTON GARNE

(A Serial Story.)

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

Griggs whistled softly again.

"Always that kid," he murmured.

"Just so. The first thing you know he'll have us in jail."

"We are in danger, that's true, and something must be done mighty lively if we are to save ourselves and make money. You get word to Monk Wardman that I want to see him if possible when I go to lunch. If he meets me you can expect something to happen to that clever young man very soon."

"All right," mumbled Barrett, and he walked away from the desk.

Harry, meanwhile, had gone to the station-house with his employer and told his story to the officer at the desk, and a strong formal charge was made by him and Mr. Crossman against Jimmy Slick, who glared spitefully at the boy who had so cleverly captured him. Our hero was warmly praised by the police, and went back to the market feeling very proud and happy.

There he was lionized by the clerks, and Griggs and Barrett did not hesitate to tell him what a fine fellow he was, and how much they admired him.

"That's the way, my boy," heartily said Griggs, coming out from behind the desk to slap Harry on the back, while he bestowed a congratulatory smile on him that would have deceived many. "Watch out like you have done and keep up the good work."

"I intend to, Mr. Griggs," said the boy, and looked him squarely in the eyes, so squarely and so meaningfully that the bookkeeper flushed somewhat under the steady gaze. "Before I got this position I was held down by poverty and could scarcely keep body and soul together, and I am grateful enough to Mr. Crossman to take any risk in order to serve his interests."

"That's right; that's right," said Griggs, but he had been so much affected by the boy's direct gaze that he almost stammered and at once turned away and went behind the desk again.

"Blast him!" he growled. "I'll put a spoke in his wheel this very night if the thing can be done!"

Harry had not been one bit deceived by the pretended friendliness of the bookkeeper and the porter, for he was confident in his own mind that they were in league with the Swamp gang, and he had the feeling that sooner or later they would take some step that would betray them. At the present time he only had his suspicions, which he had laid before Mr. Crossman, and there was nothing to do but to watch and wait.

In the afternoon Christine made a call at the store, and her father told her the story of Harry's

cleverness and courage. When she had heard it all she ran out of the private office and made her way to where our hero was standing in idleness at the moment and caught him impulsively by the hand.

"Oh, Harry!" she said, and he thought his name had never sounded so sweet in his ears before, "my father has told me the story about the load of butter that you saved from the thieves, and I cannot tell you how smart and brave I think you are."

She held on to his hand, looking up admiringly into his face, and Harry blushed crimson. Griggs looked up from his work and gritted his teeth when he saw it all.

"Confound that young cub!" he growled. "I'll fix him if I have to get the gang to throw him in the river."

The bookkeeper was madly in love with the pretty daughter of the commission merchant and, as a matter of fact, had some time before made known his feelings to Mr. Crossman, who had kindly told him that while there was nothing objectionable about him, that Christine was entirely too young to be considered in such a matter as marriage.

At that time Mr. Crossman had thought highly of Griggs, and, as he had told Harry, would have taken him into partnership had he needed a partner, and all this had filled Griggs with hope, so his rage can be understood when he saw how openly the pretty girl showed her preference for our hero.

"I'll fix him!" gritted Griggs, through his teeth, as he watched the girl chatting pleasantly with Harry, "and then I'll get the old man in such a hole that he'll be glad to let me marry the girl at once to save himself from going to smash."

That was a very proud day for Harry, and when he left the place at night he started off in a happy frame of mind.

Since the attack on him by the gang he had avoided the narrow street in which they had fallen on him, but otherwise had not altered his way home. For a short distance his route lay along West street, and when he was about four or five blocks from the market a man who was standing in a dark hallway came out after Harry had passed, ran across the street to the water side of the thoroughfare and then recrossed when he was directly in front of one of the numerous saloons that abound there.

He ran into the saloon while Harry was about half a block away.

Along came our hero, and when he was just fairly past the saloon the door opened and four men in the costume of sailors, their blue shirts open at the neck and their flat top-hats worn rakishly over their eyes, came out, arm-in-arm, in drunken sailor style, singing a sea song and rocking back and forth in apparently drunken glee as they sang.

Harry had seen such sights more than once in that neighborhood and merely glanced at them.

They fell in behind him, still roaring out their song of the sea, and two minutes later the boy was passing one of the old-fashioned houses that are to be found in that locality. Then came a swift rush, and in an instant Harry was surrounded by them.

(To be continued.)

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

WEIGHING DIAMONDS

In the office of the Commission of Weights and Measures in New York City there are diamond weighing scales so delicate that a hair's weight disturbs the balance. Among the users are young men who wish to have the weight of recently purchased solitaires verified.

DIES AT 102 YEARS

Miss Elizabeth Bowman, 102 years old, died at her home five miles from Nicholasville, Ky., on Jessamine Creek recently. She succumbed to infirmities of age in the room where she was born and where her mother died at the age of 104.

Miss Bowman had never ridden on a train or in an automobile. She had been out of her home county only once. When a child her mother took her fifteen miles to Woodford County to visit relatives. When Elizabeth was a baby her father, who had brought his young wife from near Baltimore, went back to bring other relatives across the mountains. Indians surprised and killed most of the travelers. When this word reached Mrs. Bowman and her daughter they made a compact never to leave their home, and they kept the faith, except for the two visits mentioned.

STRUCK DUMB, PRISONER

For seven months Salvatore Longo has been in Raymond Street jail, Brooklyn, N. Y., charged with murder, and for seven months no one has heard a syllable fall from his lips. He was taken by the police, charged with shooting Salvatore Straniere to death, and neither his lawyer, trying to evolve a defense for him, nor his wife, nor one of his five children has been able to break through the man's silence.

Longo meets jailers, lawyers, relatives with a strange, hard stare. Words addressed to him seem to fall upon stone. He exhibits no response and, from the first belief that the man had adopted muteness as a mask, officials have come to believe he has been struck by what is known as prison psychosis.

Recently Edward J. Reilly, Longo's lawyer, obtained from Supreme Court Justice Lewis an order to have the silent prisoner transferred to less rigorous confinement. The attorney has no means or hope other than medical treatment to bring forth from his muted client the circumstances which have connected him with the murder of Straniere.

WILD GAME WITHIN CITY LIMITS

Hunting with "houn' dogs" within the municipal limits of Seattle, Wash., where more than 400,000 folks reside, Miss Thelma Hueston and her brother, Melvin, have since Christmas bagged seven black bears, five wildcats, two coyotes and twelve raccoon. The two hunters give all the credit to three of the most remarkable dogs in the Northwest. Louder, Thunder and Kate form a pack that for keen olfactory senses beat any other trio of dogs in smelling out a bear den. The hunting has been done in a densely wooded canyon, a natural cleft in the northwest section of

the city and skirting the Great Northern tracks toward Everett.

Miss Hueston and Melvin have in competition in their all-city hunting escapade an opponent in Mike Wheelehan, a trapper who has laid out and successfully operates a trap line right in the heart of Seattle. Beginning at the Brace-Herbert lumber mill on Lake Union, ten blocks from the main Post-office, Wheelehan proceeds along the bluff of Queen Anne Hill with sets for mink, skunk and muskrats. Swinging along the Government canal connecting Lake Union with Lake Washington, all within the city limits, Wheelehan has a line of various sized traps secreted on the muddy shores of the larger body of water. During January, February and part of March the pelts of the fur-bearers are in prime condition.

Thus far he reports having taken mink, weasel, skunk, muskrats, otter and raccoon all in hailing distance of city homes and in places where dogs and cats romp daily. Wheelehan declares it proves that the nocturnal life of the average fur-beaver can be lived, with proper adjustment, in a city just as well as in the unbroken wilderness.

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A CUNNING CRIMINAL'S END

By ALEXANDER ARMSTRONG

Possibly you have read of Morton, the expert English forger, who operated in the United States, and particularly in the cities of New York and Philadelphia, some years ago.

Morton was badly wanted in London, England, and on the continent of Europe, where he had operated with a skill and daring seldom equaled, previous to his debut on American soil.

He had baffled the American detectives, and two Bow street graduates in the art of criminal-hunting had crossed the water after him, only to return disappointed and chagrined.

I took hold of the case at a time when there was but little prospect of success in securing Morton, for he had been hunted so long, and was so well informed regarding the detectives, that he possessed every advantage for escaping by being constantly on his guard.

I had in my possession a photograph of Morton, which I was assured by the English detectives was an accurate and reliable picture of the forger as he really appeared when not in disguise; for I should state, by the way, that Morton was a very master of disguise.

It was on Saturday night, and I was about to close my office preparatory to my return home, when a message from my Boston correspondent—a member of the National Detective Association—reached me.

Upon perusing it, all my plans changed as if by magic; and having sent word to my family, I boarded the first train for Boston.

My correspondent met me at the depot in that city, and as he had already informed me in his written communication, he now stated verbally, that he was satisfied that Morton was in that city, and that we should find him that night at a certain house on a disreputable street which shall be nameless.

At midnight we were within the house in question, which was a gambling-house kept by a man who had served a term in State prison for counterfeiting.

True enough, we spotted our man in the crooks' gambling-house, and we were edging toward him, when suddenly every light was extinguished, and Morton's voice shouted:

"Now, then, boys, kill the two fly-cops!"

The crooks made a charge at us, but we whipped out a pair of "sixes," and made for the door, sending a shower of bullets ahead of us.

Well, we got out of the room and escaped, but it was a close call for our lives, and it taught us a lesson of caution which we did not soon forget, I can assure you.

Next day, while I was seated in my friend's office alone, during his temporary absence, a young lady, possessing a graceful figure but closely veiled, so that her face was as perfectly concealed as though it was covered with a mask, entered the office.

"I believe you are Mr. Dane?" she said, in a sweet, gentle voice.

"That is my name, miss, or Ada, as the case

may be. Please be seated," and as I thus spoke I placed a chair.

The lady sank into it gracefully, and the fragrance of violets filled the room, as the perfume was exhaled from a bunch of those flowers at her throat, for it was in the spring-time—the season of flowers.

I noticed that the lady's hand trembled a little, and that she partially raised her thick veil in order, as I supposed, to facilitate her breathing.

I waited for her to open the conversation.

She seemed overpowered with emotion, but at length she said:

"I can place in your hands one whom you seek to capture."

"To whom do you allude?"

"To George Morton, the English forger," she replied.

"How can you place Morton in my power? Who are you? Please explain," I replied.

"I will do so, sir, to a certain extent; but as to who I am, that must remain a secret between us. Suffice it to say I am one who hates George Morton, and it is hatred that prompts me to betray him into the hands of the officers of the law, who have so long sought in vain to capture him."

I meant to see her face, and, leaning back in my chair, I touched a heavy weight, and it came down upon the floor from the bookcase, just grazing my head.

For all the world as though I had been struck by the falling weight, I sank upon the floor and remained motionless.

I must suppose the lady thought I had been knocked senseless, for I did not stir, and finally she arose, and, raising her veil, she bent over me and I caught a fleeting glimpse of her face. Then I staggered to my feet with my hand to my head, and said with a stifled groan:

"A severe blow."

For the moment I was astonished at the discovery which I had just made, for the woman was the living duplicate of the mental likeness of the woman known to be the wife of George Morton, whose picture I carried in my mind. The fleeting glimpse which I had obtained of her face as she bent over me had sufficed for this startling identification.

At this moment a breathless messenger came rushing into the office, who exclaimed as he entered:

"Come with me instantly, Mr. Dane; Mr. Pollock is dying—was shot trying to arrest Slick Darby, the cracksman!"

Pollock was the name of the Boston detective. I turned to the lady.

"This is certainly most unfortunate, madam, but I cannot remain to hear what you have to say at this time. Call here in the evening at five, or in the morning before twelve, or tell me where I can meet you," said I.

"I will call at five this evening," said the lady.

I hastened from the office, and followed the messenger who had announced the calamity which had befallen my friend.

As I passed into the street, I saw a man running hastily away, and there was something in his skulking manner that, for the moment aroused my suspicions that he had been shadowing my friend's office.

I followed the messenger who had brought the news of the shooting, and, as we went along, I questioned him regarding my friend's misfortune.

The messenger, a shrewd-looking young fellow, answered up promptly enough, and I had no suspicions of him until suddenly he stopped, turned short off to the left, ran down a blind alley, and vanished through a door in which seemed to be a stable wall.

I rushed after him, but on gaining the door in the wall, I found it was secured, and I could not open it.

Somewhat crestfallen and enraged as well at the simple way in which I had been taken in, I returned to the office.

I suspected now that the woman who had come to inform had been followed to the office by friends of the "crook," George Morton, or by himself and another, and that they had overheard all.

Half an hour later my friend Pollock appeared at the office, and of course he was uninjured, and the message regarding him was a falsehood.

Two days later the Boston newspapers announced a mysterious death. The article was headed in the somewhat sensational manner peculiar to the daily press:

"WAS IT SUICIDE OR MURDER?"

"This morning the dead body of a lady known as Mrs. Foster, who occupied furnished rooms in the house No. — North C—— street, was found dead in bed with a bottle marked 'Prussic Acid' beside her. Deputy Coroner Alberts made an examination, and discovered at once that the lady came to her death by a dose of prussic acid. As to whether this is a case of suicide or murder there is some doubt. The husband of the lady has disappeared, and if the poison was not self-administered, suspicion will point to him. The police are investigating the matter, and it is hoped that the mystery will be fully cleared up before the coroner's jury, which will assemble to-morrow morning, to decide as to the cause of Mrs. Foster's death."

The locality mentioned in this brief article as the residence of the victim of that most virulent of poisons—prussic acid—was a highly respectable one, and the furnished rooms to be rented there were elegantly furnished and expensive.

Something prompted me to visit the locality, and I wished to satisfy myself beyond the possibility of the slightest doubt that a vague suspicion which the perusal of the article had awakened in my mind was not well founded. Arriving at the house in question, I found that after viewing the remains the coroner had ordered that the body be removed to his office, where the inquest would be held. Therefore I repaired to the coroner's office. Making known my profession, I was permitted to see the body. As I suspected, the dead woman, who had been known where she resided by the assumed name of Mrs. Foster, was really the wife of Morton, the English forger.

In my own mind I was satisfied that Morton had now added wife-murder to the long list of crimes which he had committed in the course of a long career of infamy.

That very evening, as Pollock and I sat in the office, two ladies made their appearance. They

were both pretty and young. I started involuntarily as I beheld them, for they both bore a very striking resemblance to George Morton's deceased wife. The elder of the ladies began the conversation hastily, and both ladies declined to accept the seats we tendered them.

"My name is Kate Bell, and this lady is my sister. I am a married woman, and I reside ten miles from Boston, at a village. My husband is a traveling salesman, and absent from home at this time. Yesterday morning I received the following letter from my sister Jennie, who ran away from home five years ago, and of whom her family has not heard one word in all that time," said the lady.

As she thus spoke she produced a letter, and handed it to me.

It read as follows:

"DEAR SISTER.—I am residing at No — South C—— street, Boston, with my husband, and I am known as Mrs. Foster. I hope to see you soon and explain my strange conduct of the past. I will see you, sister, if I live. Should anything happen to me, search my room, and in the chimney you will explain all. Your loving sister,

"JENNIE."

When I had read this letter I asked the two ladies a few questions, and learned that they had been informed of their sister's death through the newspapers, and they had come to ask the advice of a detective. The ladies desired to search the room which their sister had occupied at once, and Pollock and myself set out for the house on North C—— street, accompanied by the sisters, who insisted upon going with us.

A little argument in the shape of a bank-note proved sufficient to gain the landlady's good-will, and I entered the room where Mrs. Morton had met her death. Immediately I removed the burnished metal cover that closed the aperture in the chimney, intended for the reception of the stove-pipe, and thrusting in my hand, I drew out a letter. I had produced my dark-lantern, and while one of the sisters held it and the other clung to my arm trembling with anxiety, I read the letter which I had taken from the chimney.

The substance of this letter was that Morton no longer loved his wife, and that he had neglected her for another, and that she—Mrs. Morton—had determined to betray him, but that she feared Morton suspected her, and that he meant to take her life. "If I die suddenly George Morton is my murderer," the letter said. In conclusion it stated: "George will leave for Hartford, Conn., to-morrow, and while there he will stop at the R—— House in disguise."

"Find our sister's assassin and bring him to justice," implored the two sisters of the forger's wife.

I promised to do so, and two days later, in the city of Hartford, I at last ran the forger down and arrested him.

He finally confessed his wife's murder, saying he gave her the poison in a glass of wine, and placed the empty bottle by her side to give the idea that she had committed suicide.

Morton was hung for the murder of his wife, and thus ended the career of one of the most remarkably cunning criminals I ever encountered.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

NEW YORK, MARCH 23, 1923

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

MORE CONSCIENCE MONEY

Robinson Kellett, in business at Wiliford, Ark., for many years, last week received a postal money order for 75 cents from a young man who is now in the United States army. The sender of the money said that several years ago he cheated Mr. Kellett out of the price of a railroad tie and that having become a Christian, he wanted to right all his wrongs. The same young man recently forwarded Ben N. Yates, a merchant there, 50 cents to pay for three sacks of tobacco, which he said he stole from Mr. Yates's store years ago.

JENNY LIND AS AN INVENTOR

We scan the records of the Patent Office in vain to find the name of Jenny Lind as an inventor. Yet she was responsible in a large degree for the "parlor car." When she was brought to this country by P. T. Barnum she was obliged to spend much of her time in traveling from place to place on the wretched railroads of the period. So, to reduce the discomforts of the trip, she had the seats of an ordinary car removed and the vehicle furnished with chairs, tables and other pieces of furniture which would be appropriate to a parlor. She jocosely called this her "parlor car," and it is undoubtedly from this that we get the name for our Pullman chair cars.

LOST ISLAND IS FOUND.

News of the discovery by an English survey ship of a lost island in the far South Pacific, whose several hundred natives are ruled by a white woman, was brought to San Francisco recently by Miss Ella Brown, buyer for an Australian firm, who arrived on the liner Somana.

A Mrs. Zahel, widow of an Australian, went to the island, which is called Bardoo, years ago in the hope that missionary work would assuage grief over the loss of her husband, and now she is recognized as the high priestess and supreme ruler of the island.

The only other white inhabitant of the island, according to Miss Brown, who is en route to New York, London and Paris, are H. Banfield, an English author, his wife and an Irish servant.

DOCTOR FOUND NEEDLE

Dr. A. E. Crow, of Uniontown, Pa., brother of the late Senator Crow, dreamed the other night he had located a needle in a woman patient, the dream carrying him through all the details of the diagnosis and operation. Shortly after he went to the hospital where the woman was a patient and, following the information gained in his dream, made an incision and recovered the needle.

Dr. Crow said he had been consulted by the woman, whose name is withheld. She told him that nine years ago she had swallowed a needle, but suffered no inconvenience for five years. She then went through a course of treatment for appendicitis and was not annoyed again until this week. Dr. Crow sent her to the hospital for observation. That night he dreamed he had located the needle and he found it just where the dream told him.

LAUGHS

George—Do you think that I'm good enough for you, darling? Darling—No, George, but you are too good for any other girl.

Smith—He is not rich, and yet he makes a great deal more money than he spends. Jones—How can that be? Smith—He works in the mint.

Jane—I've told you over and over again I will have cleanliness; yet why is it I'm always finding cobwebs on the drawing-room ceiling? "I think it must be the spiders, miss."

Mrs. Knicker—Weren't you frightened when the bull bellowed at you on account of your new dress? Mrs. Bocker—No, it was exactly the way Henry behaved when he got the bill.

Sunday School Teacher—Now, boys, what would you say if you had been Lot fleeing from the burning city of Sodom and you had seen your wife stop and look back? Little Boy (at end of class)—Rubber!

Nervous Prisoner—Had I better get hold of a lawyer, do you think? (It's three years if they convict me. Friendly Constable—Humph! In that case you'd better get hold of a juryman.

Chorus Lady—Why should I marry you, Jim? You haven't got a dollar to your name! The Nervy One—No; but think of the advertising you'd get—beautiful chorus girl marries a scene-shifter!

Teacher—Well, Tommy, you were not present yesterday. Were you detained at home in consequence of the inclemency of the weather? Tommy—No, ma'am, I couldn't come 'cause of the rain.

"Has anything ever been discovered on Venus?" asked the student of astronomy. "No," replied the old professor, whose mind had slipped a cog and transported him into mythological fields, "not if the pictures of her are authentic."

GOOD READING

PICKS UP 18 SNAKES

Snakes, the real live Blue Ridge Mountain kind, are sometimes unusual at this time. Nevertheless, we have them right in Waynesboro, Pa. Not one or two, but nearly two dozen of the most lively variety. They are garter snakes and were found along the track of the Chambersburg, Greencastle and Waynesboro Street Railway by Grant Fox, an employee of the company.

Mr. Fox was doing some work along the track when he saw a large ball of something that looked like snakes, and snakes they were. There were eighteen of the reptiles, all coiled up in a knot. The snakes had put off digging in too late in the year on account of the mild winter weather until a few days ago. Mr. Fox gathered the snakes up and brought them to Waynesboro and placed them on exhibition in a large show window.

BIG GUN FIRES 22 MILES

Army statistics credit the German super-gun that pounded Paris during the war with a range of 132,000 yards (75 miles), as compared with the 39,000 yard (22 miles) maximum range of American 14-inch naval guns. The German projectile for which figures are given, however, was 8.26 inches in diameter and weighed but 264 pounds, as compared with 1,400-pound, 14-inch monster used in the American gun.

The report describes the German gun as constructed "from worn out 15-inch, 45-calibre naval guns mounted on concrete emplacements. The converted guns," it adds, "were of two parts: the main section was 96.5 feet long and the forward section 19-7 feet. The 15-inch gun was bored out and a heavy uniformly rifled tube 8.25 inches in diameter inserted, 42.3 feet of this tube projecting beyond the muzzle of the gun. Over this projecting portion a hoop was shrunk. The muzzle section, 23.9 feet in length was screwed to the end of this hoop tube. This forward tube was unrifled and was probably added to impart additional lineal velocity and better to align the axis of the projectile with that of the bore of the gun."

The super-guns could be re-bored twice, first for 9.3-inch projectiles and again for 9.93-inch missiles. One of the guns which fired on Paris, seven of which had been constructed in all, had been thus rebored, the report said.

SNOW GOOD FOR HEALTH

Medical science is becoming more and more impressed with the health giving attributes of snow, which filters the air of all kinds of dirt and poisons, makes it electrical and snappy and noticeably pulls down the death rate.

It's hard on the railways, of course. Clearing the tracks costs no end of expense, trouble and delay. But trackless transportation goes ahead merrily on top of the friendly snow blanket, and one wonders whether our grandchildren won't abolish railroads in favor of motor highways for slow freight and airplane routes about the snow clouds for express freight and passengers.

The greatest twenty-four hour snowfall that

New York ever experienced was on February 17-18, 1893, when the fall was 17.8 inches. But it's very seldom that we have as much as a foot of snow on the ground at any one time. In Maine, and still more in Canada, not to mention the northern portion of Minnesota, North Dakota, Michigan, Wisconsin and New York (the Adirondacks), many feet of snow will descend in one prolonged storm, and the accumulated deposits of a winter's snows may reach a depth of ten or twelve feet.

And even that is quite a bagatelle compared to the snows of the Rockies and—still more—of the Sierras. The higher elevations of the Rocky Mountains may get their twenty-five feet of snow between October and May, but the banner snows of this country are those of the Sierra Nevadas and Cascade Mountains, with their thirty and forty feet, rising in one season at Summit, Cal., to almost sixty feet.

CHANGES IN ARCTIC REGION

Arctic regions seem to be warming in certain portions and cooling in others and, as conditions there affect weather all over the earth, experts of the Weather Bureau are endeavoring to solve the mystery.

In the Greenland Sea, north of Europe, milder weather with less ice than ever before has prevailed this winter, while in the Bering Sea and in the regions north of America unusually heavy ice has been reported. The cause of the unusual conditions has not been fathomed by meteorologists.

The Gulf Stream, which circles around the Gulf of Mexico, passes through the Straits of Florida and sweeps northeastward across the Atlantic and between Iceland and Norway, has been traced by one oceanographic expedition as a warm surface current beyond the eighty-first parallel of latitude, which would be some 2,500 miles north of Hammerfest, Norway. This expedition sailed as far north as eighty-one degrees, twenty-nine minutes in ice-free waters.

Arctic ice conditions are said to be exceptional in this particular region, and many old landmarks are so changed as to be unrecognizable. Where formerly great masses of ice were found there are now often accumulations of earth and stones. At many points where glaciers formerly extended far into the sea about the Island of Spitsbergen, 2,000 miles north of Norway, they have disappeared.

The change in temperature has brought about great changes in the flora and fauna of this portion of the Arctic. Former great shoals of white fish have disappeared from Spitzbergen waters and the seal catch is far under the average. Herring and smelt, however, are now found in great numbers.

In contrast to these mild conditions, the unusually heavy ice in the western Arctic regions north of Alaska and in the Bering Sea has caused the Weather Bureau to forecast famine conditions in northern Japan this year.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

CAUGHT 26 HOURS IN WELL

After having been imprisoned at the bottom of a well at Savage, Md., for twenty-six hours, Maynard Easton was extricated by firemen from Baltimore the other afternoon. He was taken out in a semi-conscious condition, but died a few hours later from heart pressure.

Easton was caught at the bottom of the well when the sides caved in while he was deepening it. Neighbors who worked all night in an effort to release him were reinforced by a detachment of prisoners from the Maryland House of Correction. Later an appeal for aid was sent to the Baltimore fire department, and a company with an engine, taken along to pump out the sand, responded.

WHERE DO ELEPHANTS DIE?

One of the great mysteries of the natural history world is where elephants go when they die. Curiously enough the body of an elephant that has died from natural causes has never been discovered either in India or Africa. Among native races there is a widespread belief that, when the great beasts feel the end approaching, they make their way to some secret hiding place in which to die. The whole question is just as big a mystery as ever, in spite of the fact that many attempts have been made to solve the problem. The districts where elephants occur in a wild state have been scoured in all directions in the hope of discovering the last resting place of the huge animals, but without any results. Quite recently another determined attempt has been made to penetrate the mystery, but, up to the present nothing of any value has been discovered. As a matter of fact the problem has more than a scientific interest to it. Any individual who is so fortunate as to find the elephants' graveyard will certainly have made a fortune. On this spot there must be a huge accumulation of ivory, a commodity which is continually increasing in value.

SOCIAL ETIQUETTE AMONG THE CHINESE

Almost every one who becomes acquainted with Chinamen in their native land comments on their desire in all places and under all conditions to save their faces. And the Chinaman regards it as a necessary part of good manners to permit others to save their faces, as the expression is, also. To the American this sometimes seems like superficiality and insincerity. If we have any complaint to make we like to give it straight from the shoulder. However, there is often an advantage in giving it so that the person to whom it is given may be able to save his face. It is often an advantage to be able to offer a criticism in a way that makes it perfectly clear to the one criticized what you mean, but at the same time does not cause him the embarrassment that would be inevitable were you to call him down severely. The ability to do this often means success in hand-

ling employees. This is especially true of houseworkers who, like the Chinese, like to save their faces.

It is said of the Chinese that when any one so far forgets the rules of Chinese etiquette as to forget the sensitiveness of the Chinese in this respect the courteous thing to do is to behave as if the whole matter was a joke and unintentional. This is a further evidence of the desire to save one's face. And here is another excellent suggestion to us in dealing with all sorts of people. You can often avoid an open rupture and an embarrassing situation if when you have been upbraided in a way that you are convinced is unjust as well as unmannerly, you refuse to take offense, refusing to take the matter quite seriously. Quarrels among friends and relatives would often be avoided if this little Chinese expedient were adopted.

SOMETHING ABOUT BAROMETERS

Torricelle invented the barometer in the seventeenth century. It was a tube of mercury then; in many cases it is a tube of mercury still. The tube is a yard long and about half an inch in diameter. It is open at one end and closed at the other, and is partly filled with mercury. The open end dips into a little trough of mercury or is bent slightly upward in the form of a tiny cup. The top of the mercury column is exposed to view and by means of a scale alongside of the column its height is read off. These are the essentials in the construction of the ordinary instrument.

What is known as the wheel barometer so often met with in houses, is an ingenious variation of Torricelli's idea. This barometer was invented by Robert Hooke, probably the greatest philosophical mechanic of his day. It is intended to indicate the weather without observing the mercury itself. There is the usual tube, but bent at the bottom into a short leg. In this leg a little glass float rests upon the surface of the mercury. A cord attached to the float passes over a pulley. The pulley is furnished with a pointer which moves around the dial, the moving agency being the rising or falling mercury, which lifts or lowers the float.

As regards modern barometers, everybody is familiar with the aneroid—a very beautiful, portable and accurate instrument independent of a column of mercury and the danger to which it is liable from spilling. The aneroid consists of a metal box partly filled with air. One face of the box is corrugated and so thin that it yields to the variations of the atmosphere pressure. Then there is the self-registering barometer, which writes its record on paper wound on a drum. The drum revolves by clockwork. A pencil connected with the barometer presses upon the revolving paper and rises and falls with the mercury. When the mercury falls the line drawn by the pencil slopes down; when it rises the line slopes up.

MEXICAN VOLCANO FUMES AND FRET

Venerable Mount Popocatepeti has again thrown off its snow nightcap and is putting on a smoke spectacle that may be seen for 100 miles around. For the past year the volcano has been showing increasing signs of activity. At intervals it has sent forth a high column of smoke, accompanied by slight earth tremors. These manifestations would be followed by a quieting of the internal fires and it would seem the old mountain was again started on another long nap.

The recent activity is more violent than for several years, scientists assert. Inhabitants of Amecameca and other villages at the base of the mountain are apprehensive of an eruption of gas and ashes, and are prepared to flee.

It is regarded as unsafe to ascend within several hundred feet of the summit. The smoke columns recently shot straight upward to a height of about 2,500 feet and then spread out in the form of a fan until it was dissipated by the air. The awesome spectacle was witnessed by many people in Mexico City, including President Obregon, who stood upon the terrace of Chapultepec.

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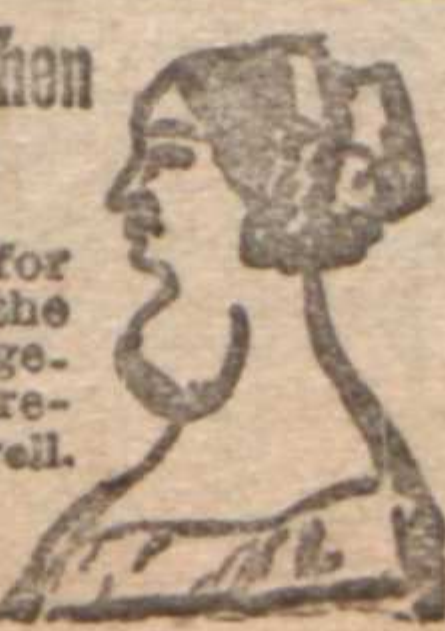
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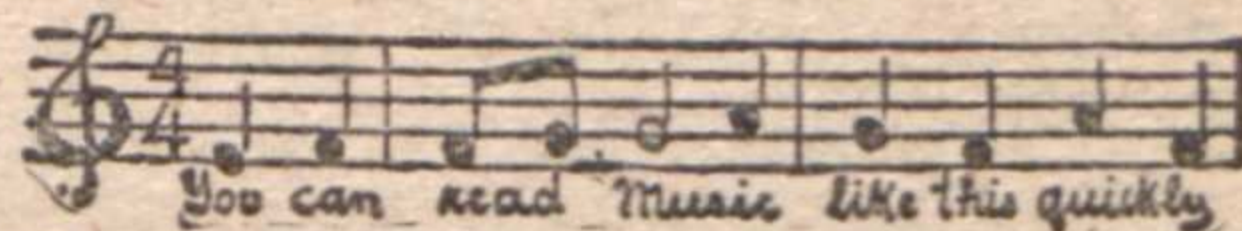
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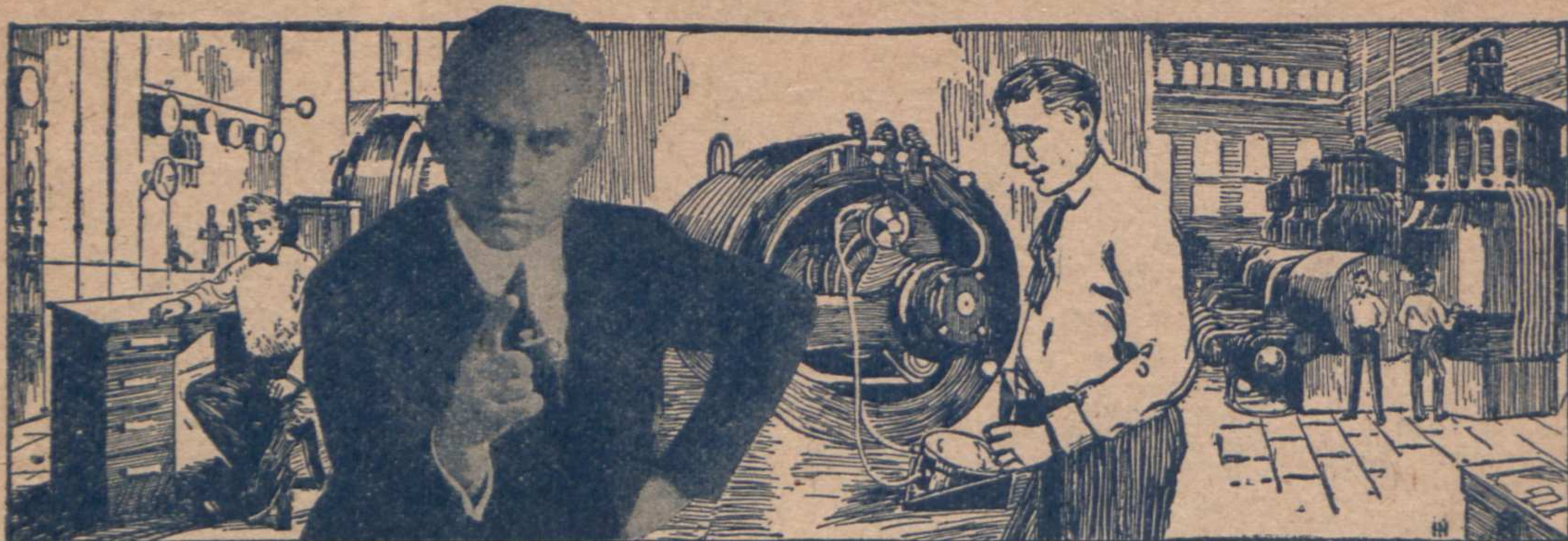
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